

CITY HALL & CITY CHILDREN

d.c. gazette

THE WASHINGTON AREA'S
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And a few men talked of freedom while England talked of ale. . . And a new people takes the land; and still it is not we. . . Smile at us, pay us, pass us; but do not quite forget. For we are the people . . . that never have spoken yet. — *The Secret People* by G.K.Chesterton. (Photo by Roland L. Freeman)

GEORGETOWN WATERFRONT, WEST END AND OTHER LAND GRABS

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The Washington Post

Is it ready for home rule?

SAM SMITH

ON October 22, with just two weeks to go in the DC general election campaign, the Washington Post was forced to report that the natives were restless. Nine independent candidates for local offices held a joint press conference to attack the coverage given the campaign by the four major television stations and the two daily newspapers. For independent mayoral candidate Sam Harris it provided rare exposure on page one of the Metro section of the Post. For some of the other candidates it was their first mention in the paper outside of election wrap-ups of the neo-yellow pages genre.

Not present at the news conference, but just as unhappy, were Statehood and Republican candidates who, while regarded by the Board of Elections and Ethics [sic] as from "major parties" — were treated by much of the media as though they were running for president on the Vegetarian ticket.

Four days earlier, the distinguished journalists of lower 15th Street had managed to give 33 valuable column inches to serious coverage of one of the dumbest campaign gimmicks of recent years — Walter Faunt-

roy's attempt to buy \$8.39 worth of grocery with a Genuine Jerry Win Button. The only redeeming virtue of the piece was the photo, which showed a clerk looking at the obviously self-satisfied delegate with an expression of barely restrained astonishment. The good clerk no doubt has had to deal with rubber checks, forged food stamps and steaks slipped into a pocket, but a quasi-member of Congress trying to buy food with a button? The only rational explanation I could evolve for the whole affair was that perhaps Our Delegate had paid \$5 for the button from some scalper in the Rayburn Building and assumed that with inflation it would now be worth \$8.39.

The in-depth coverage of the button episode came back when I read of Post metro editor Leonard Downie's response to the complaints of the independent candidates: "Because of the historic nature of this election, the Post made a decision to devote more space and manpower to it than any other local election in our area. Nevertheless, we have fallen behind schedule in our coverage of independent candidates for the at-large city council race." The best planned layouts of mice and men can go astray when there is a button to be covered.

But we shouldn't be too hard on Post reporters, or even on editor Downie, especially since he has been on the job such a short time. They're

the workers and the foreman down on the assembly line. The big choices are made elsewhere. In many cases, they are up against the same enemy as we, only closer to the front lines. For example, just on the basis of self interest, I cannot imagine any metro editor or cityside reporter sidling up to Kay Graham to thank her for all the space she has given them. In fact, I would think that watching the obituaries creep eerily towards the front of Metro would make them feel as though inflicted with a terminal illness. For myself, I am preparing for the day when I find above Metro's lead story: "Mrs. Chortleywell Bush, 95, Long Active Here."

No, the problem with the Post is far deeper than that of an editor or a handful of reporters. Further, it's a problem that the rest of the city can't afford to view with merely vicarious interest. For newspapers and magazines provide the basic memory of the city that lasts longer than overnight. They are the image of ourselves that can be clipped, filed, xeroxed and passed around. They are the major source of words about the city that can be absorbed more than one time. And they provide a standard that the transitory media of the air either follows or rejects, but never ignores.

Thus the Post and the Star-News play a role that can't be fulfilled by hearing it on WTOP or watching Gordon Robinson and Max Peterson (or is it Gordon Thomas and Max Allen?) be earnest about it on the tube. As heavy a burden as it is for the Post and the Star-News to be stuck with the District, it is also the District's misfortune to be stuck with them.

I have sometimes thought that we could straighten this whole matter out by encouraging both papers to move to the suburbs, where they could approximate their philosophical detachment from the city by their physical distance. But pragmatic considerations intrude, such as the Post's function as the city's major corporation. Like all offspring of the decline of anti-trust laws, the Post and Star-News may inspire the deepest distrust for their economic role with one exception — the jobs they provide.

I think it is wiser, at least until the final coming of the Great Printers Strike that will topple the Post and Star-News into the tar pits, of capitalism alongside such other Jurassic remains as the Penn Central and Franklin National, to place the two daily papers, as local media, among the unavoidable items on the liability portion of our urban balance sheet listed along with the flight path

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EDITOR: Sam Smith
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Jean Lewton, Carl Bergman
PHOTO EDITOR: Roland L. Freeman
MUSIC EDITOR: Gordon Fletcher
LITERARY EDITOR: Richard King
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Egbert Soule, Joel Siegel, James Ridgeway, Sally Crowell, Kathy Smith, Andrea O. Dean
CONTRIBUTING CORRESPONDENTS: Charles McDowell Jr., Val Lewton, Chuck Stone, S. Carl Turner Jr., David Logan, Clarissa Wittenberg, Jim Ramsey, Patty Griffith
CARTOONIST: John Wiebenson
ARTIST: Richard Schraeder

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from National and the ooze of the Potomac.

It has become unfashionable of late to regard the Post as a liability. It tends to put one in the same league as various individuals currently in jail, or bail or fully pardoned. I won't argue at this point whether the public esteem of the national coverage of the Post is justified, except to note that it was a relief to find at least two of the paper's reporters understood what Herblock has been arguing for a couple of decades. It is interesting to speculate whether Watergate would ever had occurred had the press generally and the Post in particular been as able to distinguish between a crook and a statesman as was one of the paper's token non-objectivists.

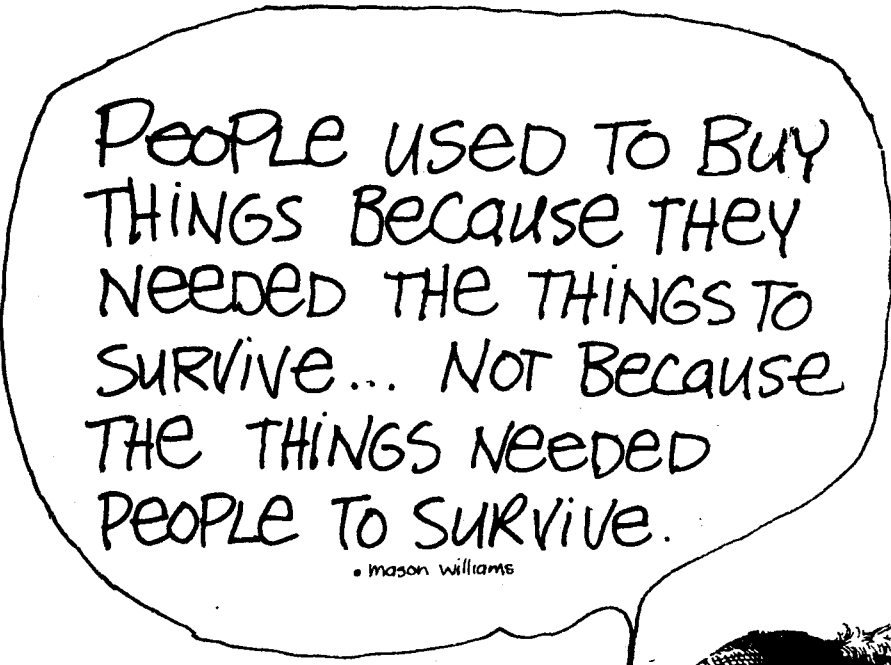
The national coverage and glory of the Post are significant in this instance only to the extent that they play a part in producing the Post's strange vision of the city-which is to say a considerable extent.

The Woodward-Bernstein affair is the classic story every young Postlet dreams about: the tale of two local reporters busting out of the police department and the county court house onto the national pages. Whatever the virtue of sending high-level felons to court, if not to jail, the effort has had the unfortunate side effect of gilding the lily of staff ambitions, reinforcing the notion that the District Building or Upper Marlboro is at best the summer stock of journalism. At the Post and the Star-News, the national beat clearly is

the favored one. Nowhere is this more obvious than in the papers' choice of local reporters. In DC at least, with the exception of Deputy Police Chief Al Lewis, the reporters assigned to cover stories are among the papers' youngest and least experienced. This is not to say that some are not very good, but only to point out that if the dailies and their staffs really cared about the city beat, you would expect to find at least occasionally a reporter in the District Building over 35 other than myself. They aren't there and I suspect the good younger reporters who are will be gone before too long as well.

In a sense, the Post and the Star-News merely share a common American attitude about federal-local relations.

(Please turn to page 30)




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The city government and the city's children

CARL BERGMAN

THE District Government's bureaucracy regularly produces incredibly thick and mostly unreadable tomes — each described as a comprehensive planning approach to whatever is popular at the time. The plans are given a once-over by the media, produce a few TV editorials and are promptly forgotten. We have been treated to the DC Crime Commission, the Passow Report, the Ecker-Ratz Report, the Nelsen Commission, and even one done by Jean and Edgar Kahn a few years back called "Red Tape." The plans make a splash, generate some minor improvements at times, and then gather dust on some book counter.

Now the District Building has produced another "comprehensive plan," this one about the city's children.

All of them.

It isn't a plan, as much as a compendium, nor is it in any but a vague way comprehensive. It may, however, be used to rationalize some rather unjustifiable concrete-pouring allegedly on behalf of those children dependent upon the city for day-to-day survival.

CONFUSING THE ISSUE

The idea of a comprehensive plan for children dependent on the city originated three years ago when the City Council ordered Junior Village closed. At its peak the Village housed over 900 children of all ages. It was a nightmare of neglect, rapes, diseases and bureaucratic attempts to replace parents with counselors and homes with cottages. In closing the Village the Council took a firm stand against institutionalization for children of any kind. It was made illegal for the city to place well children under the age of six into institutions. Additionally, the Council ordered the Department of Human Resources to develop a comprehensive program for the care of all dependent children.

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STILL ANOTHER INSTITUTION?

MOST of the institutions the report recommends are based on some need, such as a place to keep children until a court decides what to do with them. And most of the institutions have had their names changed to things like "community based residential home" to hide the fact that they still carry out institutional methods of dealing with children. This is an attempt to go under the radar of child advocates who have been marginally successful in getting the city to stop treating children like inmates.

In one instance, however, the department takes a different tact. It goes first class all the way hoping that the proposed institution will sound so peachy that people will pull their kids out of Sidwell just to get in. It is best described in the report's own words:

"By collaborating in a creative and innovative manifestation of government in action, DHR and the Public School System should establish on a pilot basis a residential Institute for Youth Development. The beneficiaries of this effort would be selected children for whom each agency bears distinct responsibility.

"The proposed Institute is envisioned as a residential, educational and treatment facility for school age children who are living under tenuous circumstances. They live in families that suffer from economic and cultural deprivation. Their fathers may be absent. They may be in danger of neglect and the prospect for preserving the family as a unit may be bleak. They attend public schools and they are receiving services from DHR.

"The Institute will be located in the District. It will meet the total needs of the children in 24-hour care: educational, maintenance, social, recreational and health. The educational program will be administered by D.C. Public Schools. The Department of Education at Howard University will be invited to participate. DHR will be responsible for operating the Institute. . . For the child who is a risk, the Institute will provide an enriched educational and living experience in a boarding school setting. For his family, the Institute project staff will attempt to reestablish its viability and unit....

"To fund this project it is recommended that DHR and Public School staffs having responsibility for their respective Federal grant programs identify those Federal agencies administering grant programs to whom the Institute proposal may be submitted. A fully documented Institute for Youth Development proposal should capture the interest and, hopefully, the support of Federal authorities."

There are 4,000 or so children relinquished at birth to the city, abandoned by their parents or removed from their parents' custody by order of the courts. Additionally, many children come within the temporary custody of the city due to economic circumstances, family fights and a whole range of crime-related activities.

The Council's plan was an attempt to prevent the city's institutions from being used as a breeding ground for Lorton, DC Jail etc. It was a

wise and humane attempt to insure that all children would be raised in permanent stable families.

The regulation took effect without the Commissioner's signature. Joe Yeldell, who was soon to be named head of DHR by the Commissioner, was the sole member of the Council to vote against it. Yeldell originally opposed the regulation on the grounds that the Village could not be closed by its deadline. To his credit it was, although the child care plan was not finished by the Council deadline.

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After many delays a child advocate group went to court. FLOC (For Love of Children) has brought a class action on behalf of all neglected children in DC in Superior Court to force production of the plan. Coincidental with oral argument before the court, DHR has produced what it calls its comprehensive child care plan. Whether it meets the requirements of the council's order will probably also be the subject of future litigation.

The plan, in a neatly phrased rewording of history, states: "The closing of Junior Village resulted from a regulation enacted in September, 1971, by the D.C. City Council, a regulation whose intent and purpose was supported by the Mayor." He just refused to sign it and has fought its enforcement in the courts - that's all.

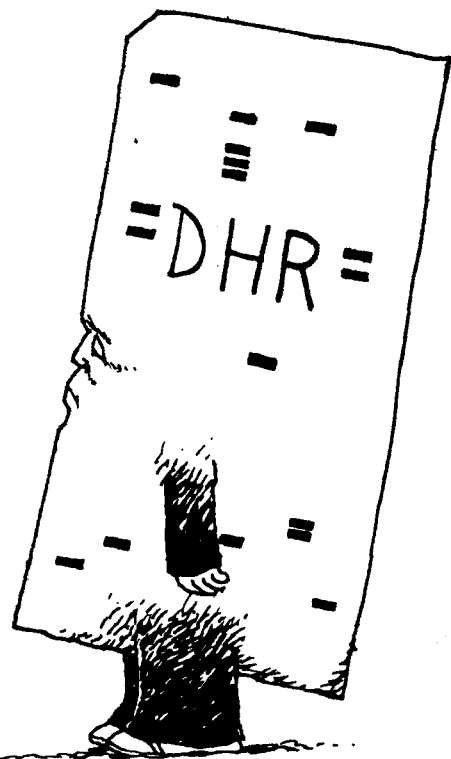
THE PLAN

The Council ordered non-institutionalized care of dependent children. DHR has produced a plan which complies to some extent, but is mainly a list of DHR's ideas for all children in the city.

Given the city's poor performance in health statistics (especially infant survival), the state of the economy, the city illegitimacy rate (46% of all births in 1972), the high number of dependent children and the need to support family cohesion in an orderly way, a real plan of this range would be more than welcome.

There is a great need for the city to examine its child-related resources and especially to set definite priorities in the use of those resources. The 513-page document doesn't even come close. (Its bulk is due to DHR having triple-spaced and printed on only one side of the paper. The report is much shorter than its size implies. Considering its legal status you may draw your own conclusions.)

The plan sets no real priorities. It does not identify those things which must be done as opposed to those things which it would be good to do but are not totally essential. Time schedules, such as they are, are put in the budget section and do not display any concise relationship to particular goals.



Among the many missing elements in the report is any attempt to make sense out of the many-stepped processing that children go through.

For example, foster care is generally thought to be for short-term care of children until a quick return to the original family or an adoption. Instead children are left to stay in foster care year after year. The report acknowledges an average stay of six years. Other reports say it's even longer. This means that many children end up in foster care for most of their childhood without any apparent attempt by the city to free them for a permanent placement. Added to this is the fact that children are often moved from one foster home to another. While preferable to institutionalization, a thorough analysis

of foster care would have been helpful. It would also help to know which children go to emergency shelters and the like and why. DHR may or may not know but it certainly isn't telling.

Cost accounting within the plan is also non-existent. For example, the report totally fails to assess the impact of raising welfare payments as a method of preventing children from coming into the city's custody. In fact, foster care payments for children are higher than welfare payments. Institutional costs are even higher than foster care or subsidized adoptions. Institutional costs can run as high as \$20,000 per year per child according to the plan. Raising welfare payments alone could save the city money, time and effort.

important d.c. reading

THE GAZETTE GUIDE: We have published our fourth annual Gazette Guide to the city and this one is better than ever. Said the Washington Post of one of our earlier guides: "One scan proves its worth." Now, on top of the traditional listing of local organizations and media, we've added a general information section including basic census data, information on race, housing and taxes; a bibliography of books about DC; results of past elections; and maps of ward boundaries, taxi zones, zip code areas, service areas, and the racial and political composition of the city. No wonder a local utility ordered 18 copies the day after this issue came out. A local law school bought 250 copies. A college professor got 70 for his students. Don't you think you need the Gazette Guide, too?

GAZETTE GUIDE: \$2 each

THE NATIONAL ACTION GUIDE: Our local guide has proved so popular that we decided to put out a national one, too. Our National Action Guide includes a list of national action organizations and alternative media. Anyone working for change in this country will find a copy useful.

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THE DC GAZETTE: For five years now, the DC Gazette has been the entertaining and fearless voice of alternative journalism in the city. Its coverage of local politics has made it must reading for local activists. It played a major role in exposing, and ultimately defeating, the Eisenhower Convention Center scheme. It has been the leading journalistic voice against freeways, the mismanagement of Metro and land-grabbing developers. It introduced the idea of bikeways and the idea of statehood. It revealed the gross inequities in the local property tax system. More and more, the Gazette has become known as the place where good ideas begin. . . . The Gazette also covers the arts each month with some of the best criticism you'll find in town. In fact, our critics have been so good, that the larger publications keep stealing them. . . . Finally, the Gazette also presents first-rate national news of the sort you won't find elsewhere, such as pieces revealing early the CIA involvement in the Chilean takeover and the drug trade in SE Asia. . . . The Gazette also publishes updates to its annual guides that you can clip and insert in your copy of the guides.

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Commendably, the plan does go ahead to recommend that payments be raised to current cost of living requirements, but without the type of fiscal justifications that Congress is sure to demand of the city. At present the city pays 80% of the February 1973 cost-of-living standard required to prevent a family from being destitute. Next January it will be 85%. Have you ever tried living on 85 per cent of what you needed two years ago for your children's well being?

Deinstitutionalization also can have great cost savings to the city. A child who is adopted with a subsidy costs far less to maintain than one whose every expense has to be paid for by the city. Yet the plan fails to take these types of savings into account in its recommendations.

Nashville, Tennessee has adopted a deinstitutionalized approach to the care of dependent children and has reduced costs along with a decline in the number of children coming into its system. Before rejecting deinstitutionalization as the strategy of preference the District ought to do a study of alternatives and their cost.

There is also no questioning of DHR's role as both a provider and a regulator of services. It is simply assumed that anything that the city runs will be run well. Provision for checking on DHR's performance is at best vague.

An incredible amount of unrelated trivia have made their way into the report as major recommendations. Such

things as providing all employees of DHR with job descriptions and starting a DHR professional journal (whatever that is), are included. Then there is my favorite recommendation within the Comprehensive Child Care Plan (Rec. 281-J): "Increase fleet of DHR vehicles, explore feasibility of renting cars for staff use, establish a DHR shuttle bus service, and a DHR radio-dispatched motor pool." After all, kids like to go for a ride don't they?

Finally there is the cost of the plan. The press made much over \$137 million. But that figure is both too high and too low. First of all, it would be the cost of the plan over a four-year period beginning in Fiscal Year 1976 (next July we start FY'76). Many of the costs are for long term borrowing for construction projects. Many of them are reimbursable by the federal government. So the \$137 million price tag is much too high. For some reason, however, the report assumes that increasing DHR's staff will be a one-time only cost, which it will not be. So the cost of the proposal is often far higher than as stated.

The budget in the back of the plan is, like the plan itself, a collection of ideas, some good, some bad, but mostly ill-considered.

The children of the city deserve far more than is given them. Perhaps the new city council will hold hearings on the "plan" such as it is, and both dependent children and the rest of the city's children will benefit. As things stand, though,

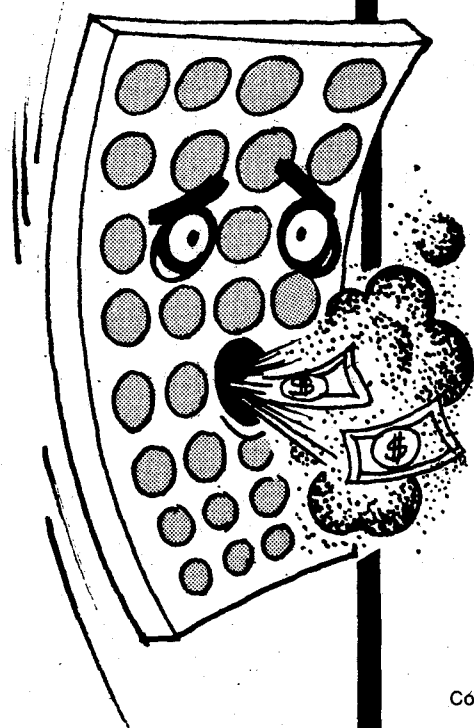
the prospect is for more money to be spent and for thousands of children to sleep each night on a bed marked with a DHR property number.

ADOPTION

The most preferable strategy for the care of dependent children who have no hope of being raised by their biological parents is adoption. In the past adoption agencies have attempted to "match" children to prospective parents to insure that they had the same hair color, eyes, etc. The object was to fulfill the needs of the prospective parents. Matching is mostly a thing of the past but all too often adoption remains hostage to the needs of adults rather than children.

At a recent hearing before the City Council's health and welfare committee the Department of Human Resources clung to its position that trans-racial adoption was not always a preferable alternative to institutionalization. That is, if the Department can't find a black home for a black child it will as a matter of policy consider institutionalization of that child even if there is a qualified white family willing to adopt. Compounding this attitude has been DHR's reluctance to recruit black parents for adoption — even though several other jurisdictions have had success doing so. In a great mixing of attitudes the least detrimental realistic alternative is rejected in favor

(Please turn to page 29)



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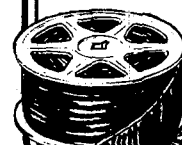
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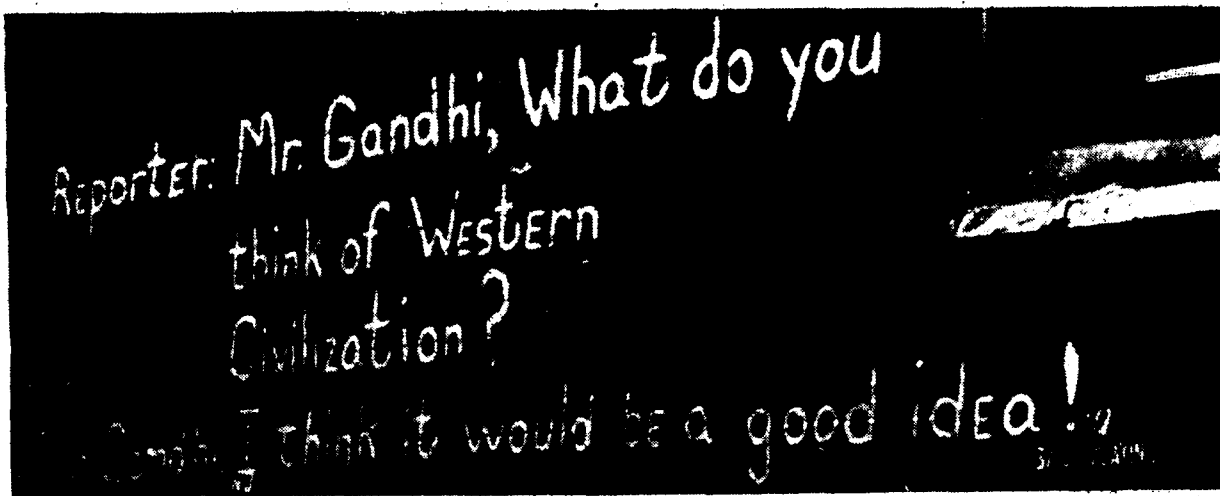
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Green Revolution

photo: Diana Davies

The Albany Mall comes south

DAVID PARIS

THE time has arrived for the final go-around on the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan. This version of the plan looks much like the draft proposal which was issued during the summer except that the Washington Post says that it represents a great improvement. The Post further reports that there is no objection to the Pennsylvania Avenue Development Plan because the corporation worked out a consensus with all objectors.

In fact, the same coalition that successfully opposed the Eisenhower Convention Center is committed to successfully confronting the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan: Ecology Center, Businessmen Affected Severely by the Yearly Action Plan, DC Statehood Party, Professionals in the Public Interest, the Gazette, etc. etc.

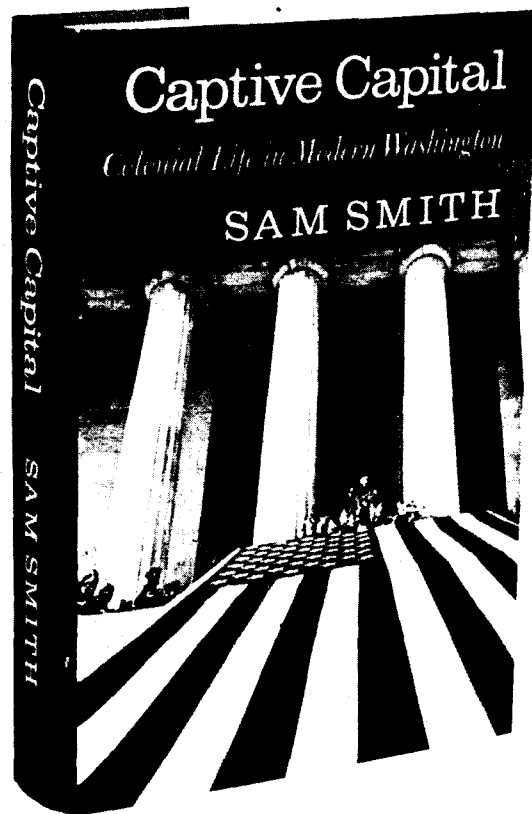
At some point (either late October or mid-November depending on whether you talk to the PADC or Congress) the PADC sent its proposal and final environmental impact statement up to Congress. In accordance with the legislation, the Pennsylvania Avenue Development Corporation Act of 1972, the House and Senate Interior and Insular Affairs' parks and recreation subcommittees have a 60-legislative-day period to review the proposal. If no congressional action is taken during this time, the PADC plan automatically goes into effect. In the event of no Congressional action, the corporation would still have to seek approximately \$200 million in federal monies but it could utilize its authority to borrow up to \$50 million on the commercial market to force Congress to throw good money after bad in order to rescue the project. During the review period, which will run at least through February, the PADC's opponents will seek to obtain congressional hearings. Although the legislation does not call for committee hearings at this point, it

is anticipated that community pressure could convince the committee chairmen to hold them. About the best source of pressure is the newly elected city council, backed up by a strong citizen voice.

The final PADC plan contains elements that were severely criticized by the public at the city hearing earlier this year: 76-foot sidewalks, public subsidy of corporate ownership of the Willard Hotel, subsidized luxury housing and the dislocation and stacking up of small businesses in the shell of Lansburgh's.

The housing element of the proposal would consist of 1,500 luxury rental and condominium units. All of the apartment/townhouse units would be aimed at the childless-couple market and rents would run \$300-\$500 a month if built today. Moreover, the rentals and purchase prices do not represent the full cost of construction due to a federal subsidy of \$40 million. Not only is subsidized luxury housing less than a compelling community need, but the number of units constructed under the PADC proposal is artificially low. The PADC housing would be constructed at a low density considering that the land is among the most valuable in the city, with rather dense surrounding uses.

Even granting the premise that it is desirable to bring residents into the downtown core area, there are more appropriate locations. The DC Office of Planning and Management has pointed out that the city has for many years planned for residential construction in the Mt. Vernon Square area of the downtown. If \$40 million were to be spent for infill housing in the Mt. Vernon Square area, or even better in Cardozo or



Captive Capital

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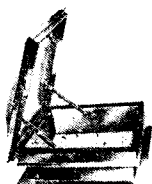
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Shaw where appropriate land is already owned by RLA (rather than selling at \$100 a square foot as on the avenue) many more units at more moderate rents could be economically constructed.

One of the greatest faults in the Pennsylvania Avenue planning is the lack of consideration of the needs of downtown and the city as a whole. The PADC claims that the monies requested for their plan (around \$200 million) would not come to the District other than for the purpose of prettifying Pennsylvania Avenue, the site of inaugural parades every four years. In reality, however, the DC appropriations committees and other congressmen might well consider Pennsylvania Avenue monies as part of the DC congressional payment to be deducted from Congress's other charity to the ungrateful people of DC.

At a hearing of the House Interior Parks and Recreation Subcommittee last summer, George Frain, a spokesman for small businessmen, questioned whether congressional judgment in relation to Pennsylvania Avenue has been colored by the lure of the subsidized luxury housing which could be rented by congressmen and their aides. Frain pointed out the close proximity to the Capitol of the housing planned for the Market Square area at 8th & Pennsylvania Avenue. The response of a number of congressmen was to deny stoutly that congressmen and aides would take advantage of the subsidized housing. Some out-

rage was expressed that Frain would even think such a thing.

The PADC has failed to include their proposed E Street Freeway Tunnel in the plan and budget sent to Congress. It is sobering, however, to note that the PADC environmental impact statement stated that the corporation did not plan to suggest the freeway until following the Bicentennial. The highway project, which should receive the Federal Highway Administration Surrealistic Project Award, calls for a tunnel continuation of E Street from 12th Street under the Willard Hotel and the White House, on to 18th Street. One reason why freeway opponents such as Emergency Committee on the Transportation Crisis and the Ecology Center have opposed the pedestrianization of F and G Streets (Streets for People program) is out of the conviction that transfer of traffic would provide additional impetus for the E Street tunnel. According to the PADC environmental impact statement, the Streets for People pedestrianization would double the traffic along E Street, not including the estimated 25,000 additional vehicles a day predicted to be generated by Pennsylvania Avenue redevelopment densities. The PADC claims that E Street can take the additional traffic, but this is doubtful.

John Woodbridge, executive director of the PADC, testifying before the National Capital Planning Commission regarding Pennsylvania Avenue, found himself unable to answer how many businesses would be dislocated by his proposal. Woodbridge claimed that he had no idea. The PADC's own figures, however, indicate that 115 small businesses would be displaced by the plan, and of this group 40-50% are never expected to reopen. Additionally, this projection understates the business fatality rate because it is based upon the faulty premise that a PADC proposal for temporary dislocation/relocation into the shell of Lansburgh's is feasible. Several businessmen interviewed scoffed at the idea of being stacked up with such companion businesses as four dirty book stores and five drug stores. One businessman noted that the vertical mall has already been attempted with the Goldberg's Department Store, which failed miserably. Frain points

out that the Lansburgh's idea could possibly work with careful selection of the participating businesses, but he feels that a random and temporary relocation (for only two years) would represent bad business.

The question of the fate of the Willard Hotel is a complicated issue. The idea of saving the Willard is welcome since the building is beautiful, historic and occupies a notable site. However, the expenditure of \$7 million or more to subsidize corporate owners of the hotel does not seem in the public interest. Even the PADC staff acknowledges that it is troubled by the use of public monies to subsidize a private interest. They furthermore note that the District government has expressed no interest in having the Willard; a fact most interesting considering the move on to construct a new District Building next to the old one. The National Trust for Historic Preservation has hired the Oliver T. Carr Company to survey the potential and costs of renovating the Willard, a conflict-of-interest since Carr owns the Occidental Restaurant site two buildings away from the Willard.

The PADC environmental impact statement, while a visually attractive and voluminous Madison Avenue effort, unfortunately fails to deal with many questions of environmental concern. The statement does not contain air pollution readings for Pennsylvania Avenue and does not attempt to project air quality impact of the new development. The impact study does not acknowledge localized air pollution; instead it attempts to lose the air quality issue by talking about regional air quality. Neither is there sufficient discussion of from where water and sewage is going to come and go. The PADC admits that less development would occur at a slower rate if the entire Pennsylvania Avenue plan was dropped and a non-action alternative pursued. It is ironic that other jurisdictions are struggling to slow commercial growth, while Washington's development corporation plans to spend \$200 million for this boondoggle.

The entire question of Pennsylvania Avenue redevelopment is riddled with potential for conflict of interest and corruption. The PADC which

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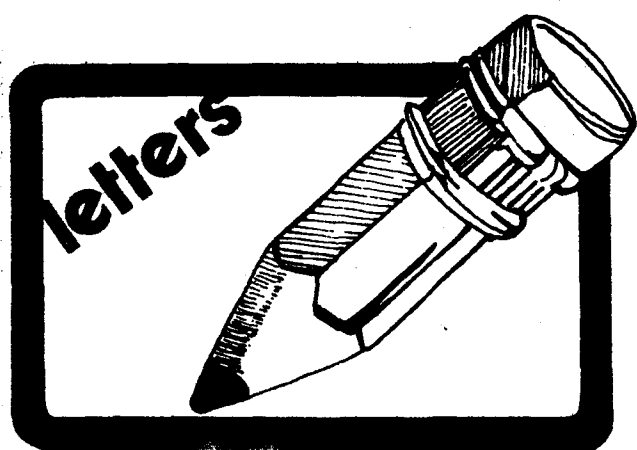
has unparalleled powers to condemn and to construct (similar to Walter Fauntroy's defeated urban development corporation), is controlled by a board of directors made up of administrative officials and 8 citizen members. These eight are: Gen. Elwood Quesada, mastermind of S.W. Urban Renewal, one third owner L'Enfant Plaza; Donald J. Bruckman, Vice President, Dean Witter Company, resides in Oldwiche, New Jersey; Joseph Danzansky, president of Giant Foods; Nathaniel Owings, architect; Willie Leftwich, DC lawyer, RLA Board Members; Mitchael J. Karfarsky, Chairman Aacron, Inc. of Michigan; John T. Connor, Allied Chemical and Chase Man-

hattan, former Secretary of Commerce; Mrs. Jouett Shouse of Washington, donator of Wolf Trap, leases space to GSA. (Connor and Shouse have recently resigned from the PADC)

Both Quesada and Connor have strong Rockefeller ties. Quesada was a partner with the Rockefeller family in the L'Enfant Plaza venture. Connor is a Chase Manhattan Board member. Additionally, Oliver T. Carr, who received the contract to study the Willard, is linked to the Rockefellers through the Equitable Life Assurance Society of America which finances a number of his projects. The Equitable Life Assurance Society is closely associated with the Rocke-

feller family and has had for many years boardroom interlocks with other Rockefeller interests (including Chase Manhattan).

One reason why I supported the congressional campaign of Anton Wood (one of whose main planks was to force Nelson to divest his holdings and put the money in U.S. savings bonds) was that Wood promised that if elected he would introduce a bill to make the Willard Hotel the Vice Presidential residence in the hope that Rocky would then give the rest of Pennsylvania Avenue back to us. It is the only chance something good might come of this scheme.



DEMOCRATIC FAILURES

WITH the passage of the home rule referendum last May, the residents of the District were presented with the unique opportunity of creating a city government unencumbered by traditional political alliances. Clearly, the major political parties had an opportunity to establish the most progressive political system in the nation. However, when given the chance, the major parties fumbled the ball. It is particularly shocking that the Democratic Party, with support of 3/4 of the voters of this city, has consistently worked against change.

The leadership of the party has failed the city miserably. It has not established any policy or direction. It has failed to take any affirmative stand on the strong social issues which daily affect life in the city. It has failed to organize any ward structure. Rather than setting up a strong ward organization which could be used as a means to servicing the people's needs, the party has neglected any form of grass roots organization. The party has also failed to engage in any type of voter education.

The D.C. Democratic Central Committee has, through its leadership, joined forces with Democrats nationally in trying to erase some of the party reforms made by the party at the 1972 national convention. They fielded a slate to the local party caucus to select persons to represent the District at the Democratic mini-convention, which was strongly tied to the politics of old. Many of us had hoped that the party would begin to concern itself with issues.

It was terribly surprising to me to see that the Central Committee endorsed all the Democrats who won the primary without regards to a candidate's personal commitment. Where one party so overwhelms another in voter registration, that party can without much controversy begin to tackle the issues rather than take a position of endorsing all winning primary candidates. The D.C. Democratic Central Committee could definitely have taken a position of supporting those individuals who most seemed inclined to turning the Capital City into an exemplary city. The Party has failed miserably in its mandate to bring about change.

PETER M. SCHOTT

An international case

THE DC STATEHOOD PARTY is moving to make the denial of full self-government to the people of DC an international issue and is preparing to take the matter to the United Nations.

The United States has been in violation of article 73 of the UN Charter ever since it signed the document in 1945. That provision states:

"Members of the United Nations which have or assume responsibilities for the administration of territories whose peoples have not yet attained a full measure of self-government recognize the principle that the interests of the inhabitants of these territories are paramount, and accept as a sacred trust the obligation to promote to the utmost, within the system of international peace and security established by the present Charter, the well-being of the inhabitants of these territories, and, to this end:

"a) to ensure, with due respect for the culture of the peoples concerned, their political, economic, social and educational advancement, their just treatment, and their protection against abuses;

(Please turn to page 10)

SOME ICE CREAM SCOOP

THIS in response to the cartoon on the bottom of page 3 of the November Gazette, which was to the effect that if you read the chemicals that are put into ice cream you'll lose your appetite. Altho the general idea is good, the arguments used have completely botched the argument.

The first target is "amylacetate." This is a terrible choice, because amylacetate is a naturally occurring ester. It occurs in bananas and is in fact responsible for the distinct aroma of bananas. To criticize ice cream for containing it makes as much sense as criticizing bananas for containing it.

In the next panel we have "aldehyde C-17" criticized for being "flammable." I have no idea what "aldehyde C-17" is, but this criticism is totally irrelevant. It's flammable. So what? The aforementioned amylacetate is flammable. Wine contains ethyl alcohol which is also flammable. Many kinds of natural oils can be ignited. So what?

Finally, "piperonal" is criticized for being a lice killer. Big deal. We all use boiling water to make rice. But boiling water is an ant killer. It is as serious an error to assume that what's harmful to lice is harmful to humans as to assume the reverse, that what's not harmful to lice is not harmful to humans.

My point is not to defend chemicals. Certainly there are too many used. But they must be criticized on legitimate grounds — lack of sufficient testing, actually alleged harm, added cost, etc. To use frivolous grounds — like being inflammable — just holds yourself up to ridicule.

P.S. I have a PHD in chemistry.

MARK L. BERCH

"b) to develop self-government, to take due account of the political aspirations of the peoples, and to assist them in the progressive development of their free political institutions, according to the particular circumstances of each territory and its peoples and their varying stages of advancement; . . .

"e) to transmit regularly to the Secretary-General for information purposes, subject to such limitation as security and constitutional considerations may require, statistical and other information of a technical nature relating to economic, social and education conditions in the territories for which they are respectively responsible. . . ."

Not only has the United States failed to take due account of the political aspirations of the people of DC and to assist them in the progressive development of their free institutions, but it has also failed to make the regular reports that are required for non-self-governing territories.

Residents of Puerto Rico made a similar argument to the UN recently and got the General Assembly to declare Puerto Rico a non-self-governing territory under the provisions of Article 73. Since DC has even less self-government than Puerto Rico, the case for placing DC under the protection of Article 73 is strong.

The Statehood Party has begun to circulate petitions to this end, a copy of which is in this issue. For more information or to help in this campaign, contact Armando Rendon at 332-8917.

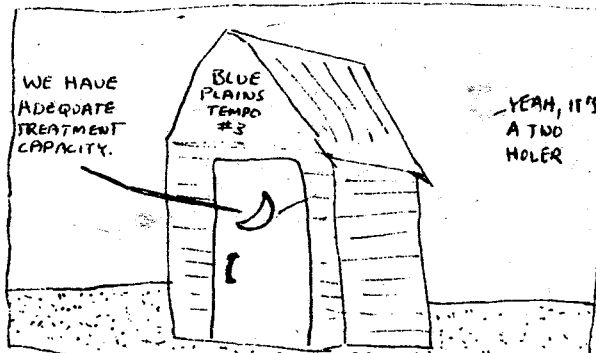
WALTER WASHINGTON has appointed an ex-welfare department snoop who changed his registration from Democrat to Republican in 1972 because of the "law and order" programs of Nixon as the new campaign finance overseer for the District. Sounds wonderful.

the dc land grab

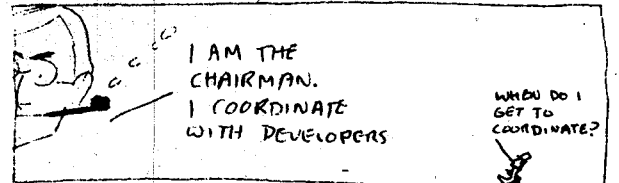
THE land-grabbers have been unusually active this past month, apparently seeking early repayment of campaign debts. In what amounts to the greatest destruction of DC communities since the 1968 riots, the city prepared to move ahead in Georgetown, West End, Capitol Hill and downtown with plans for more highrises, more dislocation of small businesses, poor residents and others as well as more traffic, and more pollution. Here are some of the details:

WEST END

Long-sought by development interests such as the Oliver Carr Co., action by the Zoning Commission is expected this month to approve overdevelopment of an interesting and atypical section of Washington that currently includes some of its little light industrial activity. But the District Building is more interested in highrise offices and apartments and is pushing a plan that will destroy blue collar jobs, drive out present residents and create a dense population that can be used



to help build pressure for the cross-town freeway still being planned. The hand of Rockefeller is felt here through the prominent role being played by the Rockefeller-connected Equitable Life Assurance Society. In danger is the entire area from 26th Street NW to New Hampshire and from K to N.



GEORGETOWN WATERFRONT

If Georgetown can't stop the land-grabbers, then who can? Having already lost a suit against Georgetown Inland Steel's current project on the waterfront, Georgetown citizens groups have suffered another blow with zoning commission approval of a waterfront rezoning plan, which under the guise of downzoning will actually create the conditions that will permit development of about four million additional square feet of space. Once again, traffic, pollution and human congestion problems have been ignored. If you want to know what it's going to look like, stand on the Georgetown waterfront and look over at Rosslyn.

CAPITOL HILL

The city is moving towards changing the zoning in a large section of Near SE to permit 90' high buildings. (Please turn to page 29)

Take DC's case to the UN.

PETITION

Whereas, the quest for independence is a most essential and common striving of all peoples; and,

Whereas, the people of the District of Columbia have been denied status equal to other Americans since we do not have representation in Congress; and,

Whereas, a "Home-Rule" Charter has been imposed by Congress and the President, and by which legislative, budget-making, judicial and other governmental functions are still under external control; and,

Whereas, the U.S. Congress, which acceded to the U.N. Charter (August 8, 1945), must strive, under Article 73(b), "to develop self-government, to take due account of the aspirations of the people, and to assist them in the progressive development of their free political institutions"; and,

Whereas, Statehood has proven the logical and most practical form of self-government for territories in the continental United States; and,

Whereas, the people of Washington wish to bring their cause before the attention of the world;

We, therefore, the undersigned, petition the United Nations for recognition of the District of Columbia as a colony and necessary action thereto, under Article 73, Declaration Regarding Non-Self-Governing Territories, of the U.N. Charter.

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DECEMBER 1974

washington review

VOL. I NR. 7

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF THE ARTS

35¢



PAINTER MELVIN PRICE

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MELVILLE PRICE

art in dc / val lewton

PAINTINGS by Melville Price (1920-1970) from the legendary days of the New York School 1944 through 1960 are currently on exhibit at the Market Square Gallery at 641 Indiana Avenue through December 6. This exhibition is remarkable from several standpoints and can be recommended without reservation to anyone with a serious interest in contemporary painting.

First, the overall look of the show is exceptionally handsome. This new gallery, which has had several names in the last couple of months, is undoubtedly the best commercial gallery space in Washington. I can think of no other space, including museum space, that could be more appropriate for Price's visceral painting. Certainly the more pristine chic uptown galleries such as the Pyramid could only lend a false note of elegance to paintings that aim for the gut. The loft atmosphere: varnished pine floors, brick walls painted white provide a neutral warm, and pleasantly rough background for work that purposely disregards fine craftsmanship in its attempt to manifest crude but powerful gesture. The gallery's leader, Ed Cuttler, who for many years contributed to the excellent design of exhibitions at the Museum of African Art on Capitol Hill has done a masterful job, both with the gallery and with its first serious installation. Definitely this gallery has finally "gotten it together" as Paul Richards says, and one can only hope that it can survive the rigors of the current economic situation.

At the show's opening, during an informal hour of reflections by Price's former students and friends, Washington artist William Christenberry expressed a nagging misgiving about the exhibition. Might not the paintings, he thought, be seen as derivative of abstract expressionist greats? No doubt, these paintings are of their time and their place and they bear certain surface resemblances to Pollock, Kline, De Kooning and others of the New York School. He was, however, a member not a follower and his work can be seen as another facet of the whole spectrum of gestural, painterly abstract art that came out of New York in the forties and fifties.

A careful look at the paintings, and they deserve particular close-up scrutiny, will reveal three primary animal forces: physical energy, intelligence, and endurance or tenacity. There are no tentative works in this exhibition. Each thought is played out to conclusion and no bets are hedged. Where others such as De Kooning and Kline may have refined their images, Price apparently in his fifties work continued to work himself up into states of feeling which were transferred directly to the canvas so that a pent up anger and frustration is communicated unencumbered by motif or symbol to the viewer. It is as if the total act of painting becomes the metaphor for expressing feeling. This kind of up front painting works at the very edge of artistic disaster. What may start out as powerful and strong can quickly become a mess. Motif painters, conceptual artists, never make a mess of their work. And so it took really arrogant, dedicated, fanatical painters to sustain the myth of self expression in paint.

From the works on view it seems that Melvin Price worked harder and longer and often more successfully than anyone I can think of except Pollock to generate an overall state of excitement across the entire format of the rectangular canvas. That this kind of excitement can not be long endured is evident from Price's later work and from the general decline of expressionist work. Particularly strong, are paintings from the early-to mid-fifties such as "Big Red," with its giant swath of horizontal repetitive red arms which reach out across the expansive agitated surface of the painting. What makes the painting particularly exciting if compared with De Kooning's sweet baby pink and yellow paintings from around the same period is the punch of caged swatches of lurid acidic greens that peek from behind the brilliant red arms. There is a powerful and compelling lack of good taste in this particular work.

Later on in paintings such as "Waterfall 54-54" constant images are lost in a pulsating rhythmic overall brushing of paint much like a boxer counterpunching across the canvas. Earlier work, small guaches from the late forties comprise attractive and cerebral paintings which form a part of Price's Maze series. Apparently, later on, in the sixties Price gave up the overall working of the canvas in favor of a compartmentalized collage technique. If he handled this method of working with the finesse shown in his Maze paintings series and the big 50's canvases, exhibition of his late paintings would be greatly appreciated by those of us who were unaware of this man's distinguished work.



OBJECTS...

OBJECTS: figurines, bits and pieces, dried flowers, stamps, painting and sculpture, are bought, collected, displayed, catalogued and cared for and often, discarded. There is junk sculpture and sculpture that's junk. Objects overwhelm us. If we move half are thrown out in desperation. Brisk Autumn days, soft summer evenings are ignored in the care of objects. They collect on mantles, on window sills, on coffee tables, on side tables, under chairs in the attic. They occupy space, beautiful empty space. And if we rid ourselves of them, we can't wait to get more. Some are called appropriately, knick knacks, or conversation pieces or decorative items. Marlo and Levitz sell them in conjunction with furniture. But the elite do their decorative buying alone. They know that "object d'art" tells it all. Bull fight poster or Baskin Owl, the choice makes the man or woman. Buy a painting and you bare your soul.

When we die, our relatives divide, dole out, sell, auction, trade and throw out our lifetime judgements. Garage sales, flea market, farm auctions, overwhelm us. Please, stop the object.

In Washington objects are collected assiduously. The Hirshhorn Museum is almost the triumph of object over sense. As a museum person, I am a displayer of objects. I deal with them all day long and yet I have a lingering resentment. The artist is nothing if he is not more important than his art.

Finally, in Washington there is an institution dedicated, at least partially to the elimination of the Art Object. With the good graces of the Redevelopment Land Agency, the Museum of Temporary Art opened Halloween night at 1206 G Street, NW. Invitations to the opening were delivered by courier (a girl on a bicycle). The museum promised to show among other things: potted palms, video tape, live and canned music, psychological state flow charts by Anne Wood, scrambled t.v. and other items from their so-called permanent collection.

The invitations made it clear that you could arrive any time during thenight. Ralph Logan, an artist friend of mine, accompanied me downtown. It was a Thursday night, the stores were just closing on F Street. Soul music blared from a loudspeaker beneath a sign that advertised all shoes one price, five dollars, manufacturers close out. Sequined pumps in the window attracted two young girls who performed the Bump in the doorway. At Philipsborn on the outdoor loudspeaker, Julius Hobson's voice droned on about statehood. They were closing up for the night.

Around the corner on G Street we found the Museum of Temporary Art. A small brilliant light storefront announced the arrival.

val of MOTA. Outside, on the sidewalk someone as an initiation rite had splashed brightly colored enamels on the new Metro-replaced sidewalk. Inside the staff of Michael Breed, Ed Diggs and Roger Metz were still busy finishing off the white walls and running wire for the stereo. Appropriately, for a Museum of Temporary Art, it was not clear if there was any art work to be exhibited. A stack of numbered Xeroxed position statements were available at the entrance. The museum, it says, supports the private investment of the Rockefeller interests and the Rand Corporation which is seeking avenues for saving our "cultural heritage from the onslaught of glacial ice by removing our most important masterpieces to the Moon, Mars, or some other desirable point in outer space. . ." Consequently the paper states: "all art must now be made AS TEMPORARY AS POSSIBLE." A prompt visit is recommended since the museum may be as temporary as its art.

HIT PARADE

What they say about Dixie is true.
Some have settled down in Dallas (bang bang)
In a little plastic palace.
The lights went on again all over the world.
(Brighter than a thousand suns?)

There are bluebirds over
the white cliffs of Dover
the world is not free
just you look and see.
God is nobody's co-pilot
and there are atheists in foxholes (again).

Kapowee.

— GABRIELLE SIMON EDGCOMB

washington review

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MUSIC

OCTOBER'S ROCK CONCERTS
Reviewed by Jim Ramsey

DON EVERLY was one half of the infamous Everly Brothers, who followed the Pop and C&W circuit in and out of obscurity throughout the sixties. Now Don is on his own, and everything about his music is pitifully boring. His band is rarely in unison with the other members, Don's singing is drab and lifeless, and the lyrics have as about as much imagination as a dirty raincoat. If they could transform Don Everly into a pill, it would be Sominex...

ERIC CLAPTON appeared for the third and fourth time this year at the Capital Centre, and proved that he used to be the world's best guitarist. Clapton played classics such as "Little Wing," "Layla," and "Let It Rain," which are fantastic works from Clapton's past. But his recent efforts (found on 461 Ocean Blvd.) show that his creative talents have greatly eroded, and all that is left from this wasted individual are sparks from the past. Very depressing. . .The opener, ARTHUR LEE and LOVE, is one of the originators of hard rock, doin' it way back when the Beatles were debuting on the Ed Sullivan Show. Although ahead of his time ten years

ago, Arthur Lee hasn't caught up on the perspectives of today's sound, leaving his music rather limited. . .

RARE EARTH has recently acquired some rather talented musicians, notably vocalist Jerry LaCroix (Edgar Winter, BS&T), drummer Berry Frost (Lee Michaels) and bass player Reggie McBride (Stevie Wonder), which should result in expanding the scope of their music. Unfortunately, all that was heard were their hit singles (long versions, solos, et. al.). Maybe we're expecting too much, too soon.

RANDY NEWMAN and RY COODER are two American artists who don't need any stage flash or gimmicks to cover up lack of musical genius. Songwriter Newman performed his avant-garde songs, notably from his recent album Good Old Boys (which was inspired by Lester Maddox). Cooder, perhaps the best acoustic guitar player anywhere, proved his mastery, playing touching folk songs of FDR and the Depression. Good combination, good concert...

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DRAMA

BOCCACCIO at the Kreeger
Reviewed by Sally Crowell

WHILE it is agreed that a preview performance is not the most appropriate time to review a play, it is hard to imagine that the mediocre musical now being produced at Arena's Kreeger Theatre is likely to improve with age. The purpose of a preview performance is, of course, to give the playwright and the actors the change to "try-out" the new material before it has to open before a critical opening night audience; but with all due respect to Arena's deserved reputation as a winner at producing good calibre theatre, their current fare, *Boccaccio*, is unfortunately, a loser. As one theatre-goer so aptly put it, "...they're a bunch of talented actors, but they simply don't have a play..."

THE PILGRIMAGE, Playwright's Theatre
Reviewed by Elizabeth Brunazzi

PLAYWRIGHTS' Theatre of Washington opened its third season on November 6 with *The Pilgrimage*, a "dark" comedy in three acts by Louis Phillips. The play, which ran through November 25th, was the first of three scheduled for production this year as part of the theatre's Production Series, the culmination of a three-part process founded by the company and designed to promote the writing and dissemination of new plays. This process serves to guide plays from their inception in the Playwrighting Workshop through a reading and exposure to pro-

No, not even nine gifted actors can sustain a production that lacks directorial focus, is hampered by extraneous movement, is filled with unmemorable music, and does not hold together structurally. While some dramatic moments did move the audience to occasional laughter; for the most part, it was left cheated. Very little theatre transpired.

Boccaccio is a dramatization by Kenneth Cavander of six selected stories from "Tales of Dacameron," with music by Richard Peasles and direction by Gene Lesser. The play takes place in Italy during the time of the plague and is concerned with eight young citizens of Florence who retreat to the countryside in order to escape the deadly infliction. While there, as a means of diversion they amuse each other with tender and bawdy stories, music and jokes. Some are concerned with sexual frustration and promiscuity and jealousy, while others consider the virtue of purgatory, deception between man and wife, the search for God, and betrayal between brothers.

The play begins and ends with the same song "...these are the best of times..." in which the players try to convince the audience and themselves that then, as now, is the best time to live despite all the horror that's going on around us. The band,

comprised of Steve Ross, Paul Robinson, Leonard Cohen and Bill Beiseker do what they can to liven up Mr. Peaslee's music, but except for the ballads delivered by Peggy Atkinson and Caroline Kava, the compositions are uninteresting.

Other actors in the cast worthy of mention are: Michael Burg, Ralph Byers, Jill Choder, David Eric, Lynn Ann Leveridge, Robert Lupone, and J. Zakkai who does an impressive job as the black-robed Plague. Costumes by Linda Fisher, his, as well as the other cloaks and underdresses did much to enhance the interpretive movements of choreographer, Virginia Freeman. All of the cast adapted well to the style of the production and worked hard to sustain the pace; however, as of yet, a play is still desired.

It's unfortunate that Arena hasn't been able to produce a musical theatre series as impressive as their serious drama. Perhaps in the future, more attention will be given to improving this area of American theatre that has, in the past, been neglected by this resident company. Washington could use a good quality musical drama series, and if anyone should be able to do it, Arena Stage should. But, for the time being, we'll have to wait.

fessional comment in the Reading Series to, for a few, full-scale production before a public audience.

Asked why *The Pilgrimage* was selected for production from among some 200 other possibilities, producing director Harry Bagdasian replies: "It's theatrical, it's entertaining." For both Bagdasian and George C. Holets, the director of *The Pilgrimage*, the play is the the thing, and the play should be "fun." of the two functions traditionally assigned to theatre, to teach and to delight, the latter is definitely the first consideration at Playwrights.

Bagdasian and Holets, who together provide the motive power behind Playwrights' Theatre, are agreed that theatre should present a free play of dramatic forces, that

it should never be subordinated to a particular message or analysis, whether social, intellectual or political. Which is not to say that a play should be without a "message" or serious philosophical import. The two young directors readily discuss the serious, even pessimistic significance of *The Pilgrimage*, which Bagdasian, quoting from the play, states as "life is not like a fountain." At the same time they view the play they have selected for production as generating or enacting its message, rather than as existing for the sake of it.

In a highly politicized age, such views may sound a bit quaint. But when Harry Bagdasian strikes his director's stance, gestures at an imaginary actor, and describes the way he works through a play, fashioning it into something "theatrical," one feels that he is a man with a commitment. His commitment is to an ideal of theatre as an "experimental" process, "experimental" meaning, rather than non-professional or non-equity, a serious, ongoing endeavour to seek out and produce new, original work, whether it is associated with an avant-garde or not.

And when one realizes that in just two years Playwrights has moved from a basement, a \$1700 budget and a prayer to a new Off-Broadway style theatre in downtown Washington containing 49 seats, a yearly budget of \$20,000 and an increasingly professional outlook, and that Playwrights has made a significant contribution to the creation of a new climate for theatre in the Washington area, once can only say, Mr. Bagdasian, Mr. Holets, your show must go on.

THE year is 1090, and there is plague in England. Richard Lyons is setting out with his household and plethora of worldly possessions on a pilgrimage to Rome. There, he enthuses, he will lay his goods at the feet of St. Anthony, patron saint in time of plague, who will thus be moved by this act of piety to save England from the scourge. The band of pilgrims includes Lady Margaret, Richard's blowsy but benevolent wife, his friend Oliver, who is being transported out of England disguised as a corpse, Finegal the Fool, Silly, a fool-in-training (he spends most of his time in a wooden cage designed to produce the requisite "slouch" or deformity of a medieval jester), a kindly, unctious but spineless Abbot, two servants dressed as clowns, and two life-sized cloth dolls, Richard's children. Such is the setting and the nature of our company in the opening act of Playwright Theatre's production of Louis Phillips' 3-act comedy *The Pilgrimage*, a play whose tone and import are much darker, more gringant than the tinselled, motley decor created by puppeteer J. Allan Stevens at first suggests.

This contradiction between exterior and interior surfaces characterizes almost every aspect of this comic allegory of human vice. Richard, the dominant character in the play and a particularly chilling version of Everyman, is an anti-hero, or anti-pilgrim, a stop-at-nothing Christian who is



ASTA'S PLAYWRIGHTS' THEATRE OF WASHINGTON with *PILGRIMAGE*

enthralled with the idea of his grandiose mission of saving England, i.e. with doing something big or heroic, and at the same time devoid of even a glimmer of sympathy for the travails of his fellows.

Throughout the first, largely expository act, the presence of the caged, deformed Silly, for Richard merely an object among others, underscores the hollowness of Richard's grand intentions and is one source of the black humor in *The Pilgrimage* (one of Richard's favorite jokes later in the play is to ask "Did you notice his shape?" while admonishing his fool "Don't slouch, Silly"). Richard seems to be of the stuff that inquisitors are made of.

This loveless pilgrim menaces everyone who steps in his path. He threatens to kill his friend Oliver when he questions his plans. He vituperates that Margaret has done a sloppy job of packing the boxes of paraphernalia that lie about the stage, which include, ironically, an anachronistic, grotesque, porno-sculpture, presumably intended as another humorous reminder of the "impurity" of Richard's offering and motives.

The second act, which takes us across the English Channel, is a rash of action and peripeteia: the Abbot almost drowns, Richard kills the ferryman, a red and green dragon kidnaps one of the children, the band is attacked by French pirates who do in Oliver, the Abbot, and the remaining doll-child and make off with most of the loot destined for St. Anthony plus, to top it off, Lady Margaret is suddenly and rather inexplicably transformed into a trollop.

The third act finds Richard with Silly, the last remaining member of the entourage, and the porno-sculpture, the last remaining item in Richard's pious inventory, in Rome. In search of St. Anthony, they encounter instead an Italian tourist agent, yet another modern transposition, selling brochures, guided tours and whatnot. Richard prods Silly to perform a poem, a riddle which he has painstakingly taught him: "There once was pilgrim who wanted to know the meaning of life/He searched and searched but could not find the question. . .," Silly stammers. "The answer," Richard corrects him. But Silly's mistake is significant. Richard, in his love for abstraction, his self-centeredness, his cruelty, has failed to formulate the right question; he has missed the heart of the matter. Even the lackwitted agent is unamused, pained at Richard's cold-blooded treatment of the deformed Silly.

When Richard at long last ferrets out Saint Anthony, the "saint" turns out to be a most unsaintly, indeed a lustful and venal man, a fake who can be persuaded to accomplish the miracle only for a price, which is of course the porno-sculpture.

But Richard's greatest disillusionment comes when St. Anthony says perfunctorily that the plague in England is over, that the miracle has been performed. What? No fanfare? No heroics? Richard cannot bear such an anti-climax to his plans. He kills St. Anthony with a crucifix mockingly draped in the motley garb of a fool, the central image of man in *The Pilgrimage*.

In the final peripeteia, the final anti-climax of the play, Richard informs the returning, slatternly mistress of the late St. Anthony (whom he has failed to recognize as his lost wife, Margaret) that he has just witnessed the miraculous ascent of the saint to heaven. She embraces him as a hero and convinces him that he will be received as such in all of Rome. As the play ends, Richard, thinking he has finally achieved the heroism he has sought and so richly deserves, triumphs in the only role he has known to create for himself, that of a fool, along with Margaret, in the role of the harlot. He has never understood the meaning of his own poem, which Silly finally manages to finish: the pilgrim found that "life is not like a fountain." The only fountain that Richard has sought is one that showers him with the tinsel of a hollow glory.

There can be little doubt about Phillips' message in *The Pilgrimage*: the best intentions of men, women, fools and saints go awry because the human animal is often a petty, self-serving, cruel and ridiculous beast, and it is largely because of this that life is indeed "not like a fountain."

There is room for more doubt about the effectiveness of the dramatic, supposedly comic vehicle through which this message is generated. What Phillips has intended as an ironic shifting of surfaces at the level of action, dialogue and character of-

ten becomes, much like the boxes of paraphernalia, a heterogeneous collection of people and props. This occurs primarily because there is too much going on in the play, especially in the second act.

Although the bright, constructivist sets are both visually satisfying and ingeniously functional, one has the impression that, because of the sheer number of actors and props brought together in a limited, disproportionately narrow space, the actors are having to work too hard, that they, while carrying on what is intended to be rapid, witty dialogue, must literally carry the physical play around on their backs, much as they as pilgrims are attempting to transport a lifetime accumulation of possessions to Rome.

The Pilgrimage often fails as comedy, for three reasons: the humor is too dependent upon a facile projection of contemporary elements onto the medieval framework ("when will you male chauvinists stop making women into monsters?" Margaret asks Richard at one point); what has been discussed as an overstuffing of the play detracts from the concentration and timing necessary for quick, comic effects; the "darker" aspects of the play, the cruelty of Richard, the spate of murders, the presence of the grotesque, are so intrusive that they make the play tilt away from the balance that is an absolute requisite of ironic humor toward something like a curious parody of tragedy.

Other problems: Richard, creditably but somewhat histrionically played by Geoffrey Wilner, is a full-blown, psychologically coherent conception, while Margaret, played by Suzanne Schorr, is a caricature who is transformed from a wife and mother to a harlot in a twinkling of the playwright's eye. It is as if Phillips had expended a great deal of care on some characters, and very little on others. This sense of disparity is compounded by a great variance in accent and acting styles: Richard evokes Shakespeare while Margaret suggests light, contemporary domestic comedy.

As Playwrights' first full-length, 3-act play, *The Pilgrimage* represents its most ambitious production to date. The atmosphere of the play suggests Shakespeare's "dark" comedies. *The Pilgrimage* also brings to mind the plays of Tom Stoppard. Although this production has problems both as an artistic conception and as a technical vehicle, it is clear that Playwrights' has made an admirable attempt to present a complex, substantial work.

AGO AGORA. The Bird and the Dirt and Melvin Deal and the African Heritage Dancers.

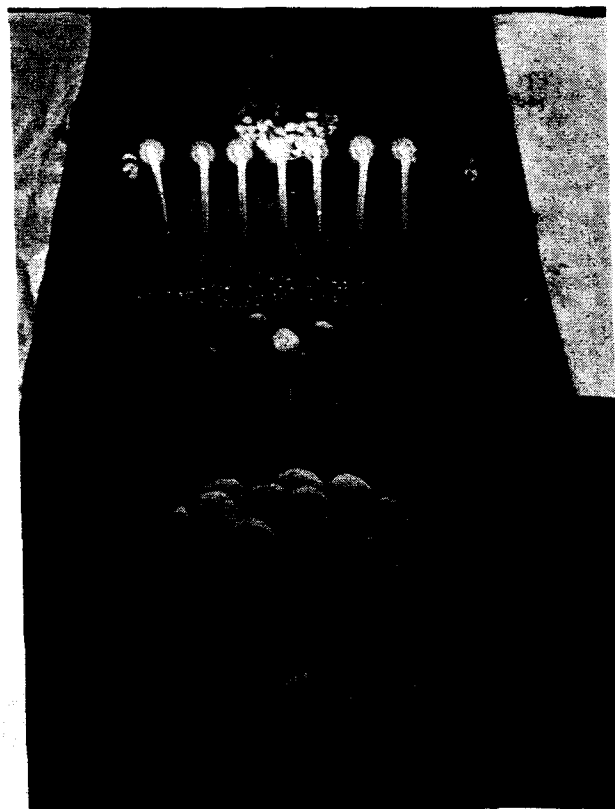
Reviewed by Clarissa K. Wittenberg

From a press release by the African Heritage Center Gallery and Jonas Santos: "The free spiritual expression of the two sensitive and reincarnated artists, the Brazilian Jonas Santos with *The Bird and the Dirt* and Melvin Deal with *The African Heritage Dancers* will be explored in a performance. . . The work presented is one of a series of events which realizes a synthesis of various forms, processes and media into an art that will communicate the artists vision more completely by offering them a greater expressive capacity than the various art forms possess individually. A participatory spiritualized experience will be realized in a special environment created by both groups. Sponsored By: The National Endowment for the Arts, D.C. Commission of the Arts, The Private Arts Foundation of Washington, D.C. Recreation Department."

ON October 22, two groups combined to offer "an experience." They did and it left me shaken and dismayed. Although Jonas Santos' [Oct. Gazette] work runs the risk of moving into primitive and uncontrollable and frightening black magic cults, to date in my experience he has managed to avoid this and has rather made the artistic statement incorporating but not celebrating the death elements. "Ago Agora" began in a promising way: the incense that one associates with Santos, the music of primitive and hand made instruments such as early man might have played, the bizarre, but artistic arrangement of objects. Santos lay beneath a structure of cloth hung on a framework of sticks

suspended from the ceiling and made small movements and sounds. He was dressed in white rags, booties, straps, cap and a red cord which hung between his legs. There were a number of candles and feathers and a live white chicken in a cage. A man played drums. A spectacular black man in a yellow skirt with yellow feathers in his hair and a cowrie shell belt came on stage and danced, smiling mysteriously and changing his expression as though he saw something no one else saw. Two women accompanied him. Shortly after they danced Santos emerged, unsheathed a knife, seized and killed the chicken. He carried it as though to display it and then put it in a bag, his arm still bloodied. Some of the audience left; I cringed and my heart beat terribly. Then other women joined the African dancer and began to do a dance that caught the desperation of the chicken. Dances of death.

The audience was invited to join the dance. Some eagerly went forward, others less eagerly, some threw off their clothes and became frenzied, and although none were nude some were bare chested. One woman with long hair held her head as she danced in a gesture suggestive of mourning. Another woman holding a baby almost tripped as she walked in her



too long skirt. The music began to increase in tempo. Santos changed into jean overalls and washed his arm. Alice Denney's smile seemed unchanged as she observed from one corner.

A woman danced in an increasingly desperate and involved way, seemingly offering herself as the bird, until she was shaking involuntarily. The tall black man leaned over to her as if to inquire if she were all right. At this point Santos quietly resheathed the knife. Two women dancers covered the shaking girl's breasts with a cloth and laid her on the floor. One went to bring her water and later gin. I went over to see if I could help, but they said she was "all right." As more and more people were drawn in, I escaped the room to regain composure and noted that those who left did not converse as they went out, but maintained a stony silence. One woman asked me at length about the Gazette as though to block out all stimulus from any other source.

I made many notes, partly to protect myself, to stay detached, partly to seize the thoughts which I feared would fly. I thought of the control some men have over others, that in some situations it would not be a chicken, but another man who dies. I was afraid that the artistic form was so great, the sense of respect for performance, the mood so high that if the idea of human sacrifice evolved no one would break the dance, the pattern or be even able to believe that it could happen until it was too late. I told myself that these people knew each other, that they were friends, they were ordinary, that we were in Washington, DC, on Georgia Avenue, not in a dark forest. The religious form, the ritual, the frenzy without the morality, without even a reason, can easily become obscene. Many people withdrew from each other, Santos sat in the crowd.

(Please turn to Page 18)



ROLAND FREEMAN'S f-STOP

Election day





I left that night with relief, but I am still preoccupied and disturbed. Although frenzy in combination with art is not new and is often found in intense jazz and even in the "happenings," it seems often to signal a closing rather than an expanding cycle. Usually it has more to do with sex than with destruction, although the deaths at Altamont must also be considered. This performance seemed to depress and isolate rather than to free and affirm. The psychology of the crowd entered in, the roles of the victim and the hunter. No one who sets a crowd in motion then fully retains control of the group.

I had questioned Santos intently last summer as to whether he was the leader of a cult, asking if there was a hidden side. He denied it vehemently, saying he was purely an artist. His work varies widely from joyous works that illuminate our basic life to the more frightening. Others in the audience may have reacted differently, but this performance to me, with its unnecessary killing, the horrid stillness of the bird after death, symbolized the destructive side of man that civilization and hopefully art tries to overcome rather than cultivate.

This performance perhaps did not work for the participants either, as the two groups never merged in any meaningful way. Afterward Santos said: "Melvin Deal asked me to make a sacrifice and I could not resist...The level of reality demanded an actual sacrifice...It related to Melvin Deal's work - to Africa, to certain neighborhoods in Washington." He described the dancer's state as a "trance," a phenomenon he considers "healing." Santos considered himself in control and the audience as "not that aggressive;" so he had no anxiety for her safety. A number of people have asked him if he intended "to go on killing" - a question he considers absurd.

A video tape was made and has been shown a number of times. I doubt that it is any more objective in its pale version than is my more personal account. Still I would advise anyone interested to see it. I would suggest that you pay close attention to the expression on the faces of those in the audience.

There is little doubt that Santos is one of our most stimulating artists, the range and variety of his work is extraordinary. It is, at least for me, almost overwhelming.

FILM

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE, Directed by Ingmar Bergman. Dupont Circle & Outer Circle I

Reviewed by Peter Broderick

In *Scenes From a Marriage* Ingmar Bergman has broken free of the type of filmmaking for which he has long been acclaimed. It is a welcome change.

Bergman recently said, "I live on a small island, Faroe, in the Baltic Sea, with mostly farmers and fishermen. For the first time they really liked something I had done. They discussed it with me on the ferryboat to the island." Since Bergman publically rejected the elitist concerns of many of his films before he made *Scenes*, he is pleased with its success in reaching a new and more diverse audience.

Bergman's conception of *Scenes* explains why it differs so strikingly from his other films. He decided to concentrate on the changing relationship of a husband and wife to the exclusion of almost everything else in their lives. By carefully circumscribing his subject, he sought to avoid the complexity of his films which dealt with an individual's relationships with other people, society as a whole, nature and supernature.

He did not want any obstacles or distractions to interfere with the audience's view of this troubled couple. When he carved the movie out of a series of television specials, Bergman pared away the inessentials



LIV ULLMANN and ERLAND JOSEPHSON in Bergman's *SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE*

in the original script to leave us with the "hermetically sealed" relationship of Johan and Marianne. A few minor characters are allowed on screen during the first two sequences of the film, but after that we spend the rest of the film alone with Johan and Marianne. We never see their parents, and only catch a glimpse of the children at the beginning.

The clarity with which the film focuses on this marriage is facilitated by its special style. *Scenes* does not look like any other film directed by Bergman. The visual style is functional, unobtrusive and realistic, as in a skillfully-made documentary. Each shot was not meticulously composed as in other Bergman films, and there is not a preoccupying wealth of visual detail. Except for facial expressions, there are no memorable images.

Jean Luc Godard once wrote that closeup is tragedy and long shot is comedy. In this film, close-up is intensity and long shot is relief. The more intense a scene gets, the greater the reliance on close-ups. As the tension dissipates, the camera pulls back.

Like the cinematography, neither the use of color nor the editing is stylized. The form is simple and linear, without fantasy sequences or flashbacks. There are no second and third levels of meaning, and there is virtually no symbolism.

The extraordinary acting of Erland Josephson and Liv Ullmann brings to life Bergman's rather ordinary script. There is a truth in their faces and gestures even when their words seem contrived. Sometimes the film is most moving when no words are spoken.

As *Scenes* opens, we meet Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann) who are living enshrined in a "happy marriage." Parents, friends and even the press have pronounced their ten year marriage a success. Like them, Johan and Marianne believe that their secure, comfortable middle class existence reflects the health of their marriage. Their complacency is abetted by their agreement not to look behind the props in their lives. Marianne observes that "there are things which must be allowed to live their life in a half-light, away from prying eyes." Inertia, as much as affection, keeps them together.

Liv Ullmann's expression of pain and bewilderment when her husband tells her that he is leaving her for another woman is unforgettable. Eventually Marianne begins to see herself as an individual, not just half of a married couple. As Marianne finally seizes the opportunity to be free, Liv Ullmann becomes radiant. In the final sequence, Ullmann has a luminous presence. After years of evasions, Johan and Marianne are finally able to be honest with each other. With tenderness, they start to come to terms with the imperfections of their shared feelings.

Scenes suggests that Bergman casts and directs actors and actresses better than he writes scripts. In earlier films he has obscured mediocre scripts with very good acting and confusing visual symbols. This may explain why he works with a repertory of talented performers, using some of them in each film.

His choice of Liv Ullmann for *Scenes* is fascinating. In addition to being a skilled actress who he has directed before (*Persona*, *Cries and Whispers*), she lived with Bergman for five or six years, and they had a child together. Bergman has written that the script of *Scenes* "took three months to write, but rather a long part of my life to experience." To what extent was the script based on their affair, or did he just write it with her in mind? This question is raised by one of the film's most effective sequences. During their first reunion, Marianne hesitantly brings out her journal to read to Johan. As she reads aloud her most private memories of youth, snapshots of Liv Ullmann as a child and a teenager flash on the screen, illustrating Marianne's memories perfectly. This scene suggests the autobiographical nature of Ullmann's performance.

Originally Bergman wrote and directed *Scenes* as a five hour, six part series of television specials. Then reversing the familiar process, he re-edited and cut his television specials into a 168 minute theatrical film. Unlike many theatrical films that are eventually shown on television in a denatured version, *Scenes* benefited from the change in mediums. The weaker material which gave each of the television episodes its shape and necessary length has been left out, as have several minor characters. Almost half of the footage shown on television has been cut.

The resulting theatrical film flows surprisingly well, and is neither repetitious nor boring. Although the sequences seem a bit too symmetrical, their juxtaposition highlights aspects of the drama that could have only been dimly perceived when seen over a six week period. By allowing the audience to experience the most forceful sections of the original series in a single viewing, Bergman has increased the intensity of *Scenes*.

Like soap opera, *Scenes* deals with the ordinary troubles of a married couple. Viewers can relate to the familiar dilemma of Johan and Marianne. They see reflections of themselves or their friends on the screen. But unlike soap opera, *Scenes* is neither sentimental nor melodramatic. The drama is too understated, and the most emotional sequences are handled with restraint. Bergman's awareness of the ambiguities of life is too great to exploit the emotions of his audience.

Instead of a conventional happy ending, Bergman gives the film an ending that is very affecting because it deals with the elusiveness of love. When we last see Johan and Marianne they are having an affair although they have each remarried. Twenty years have passed since their wedding day. They have "lived a whole grown-up life with each other," yet Marianne regrets that she has never loved anyone and no one has ever loved her. Johan responds that he thinks they love one another "in an earthly and imperfect way." It is startling to think that two people can spend most of their adult lives together without knowing when they were happy and if they ever loved each other.

CITYSCAPE



PHOTO BY MARY SUN

STUDENTS from Western High School in Washington have produced a new magazine Cityscape. The magazine is dedicated to the cultural and ethnic diversity of the city. Cityscape is part of the Foxfire tradition started by Eliot Wigginton in Rabun Gap, Georgia eight years ago. Cityscape joins the thirteen other Foxfire type projects that are located across the U.S. as well as in Haiti, Jamaica, Dominican Republic and the Virgin Islands. The Western High School project is the first urban project.

The first issue of Cityscape has provided students from many cultural and geographical backgrounds an opportunity to work together. Cultural and ethnic diversity are a part of Western High School. The theme for the first issue of Cityscape is urban enterprises that are not connected to be either local or national government. There are interviews with Howard Smith, a Dupont Circle cabinet maker, Richard Harrington, the founder of Woodwind, and Noah Coates, a young black photographer. Special attention has been given to the West End through a photo essay, an article on the former riding and hunt club and interviews with two residents, Mr. Frank Dorsey and Mrs. Lossie Ellis. Two jazz spots near the West End are

discussed. Mrs. Barbara Messiano shares a game from her childhood in Palisades.

Two regular features of the magazine will be "Reminiscences" and "Festivals and Celebrations". In "Reminiscences" of the first issue three Washingtonians, Mr. Charles Carroll, Mrs. Mary Coon and Mr. Edwin Pilson share their memories of the trolleys. As food is such a part of many festivals and celebrations in D.C., three recipes are given in this section; one from the Jewish Passover, one from Chinatown, and one from the Latin community.

Cityscape was produced as an after school activity for the spring of 1974. As the 1974-75 school year, the magazine will be produced by students in the photo-journalism classes at Western. Students in the Art School at Western will also be assisting in the production of the next issue.

The magazine is being sold for \$2.00. The money raised from sales will go to help pay the production cost of the next issue which will come out in the spring of 1975. Neighborhood stores around the city will be carrying issues of the magazine. Cityscape may also be obtained from Western High School, Room 314 or by calling the school at 629-7007.

A VIEW FROM THE TRAIN (For my father)

It is not the false fronts
turned to the people
on the streets but
the backs of houses
that reveal the helplessness within.

The trim brick fronts
belie the blasted
wooden backs scabrous
with peeling paint
or beaten
by the weather to
a bloodless terminal gray.

The rows of clean straight
fronts conceal the
backyards' zig-zag
labyrinths of lines
of ragged laundry lynched
and tossing crazily against
the drizzle in the wind
and hide the bulging
bags of garbage
rusty washtubs
dead refrigerators gaping
open on their sides
beside a sudden patch
of garden tended
less with hoes
than skimpy hopes
that through the tire-
tread of a second-
hand car, a cabbage head
will finally shoot.

And a small black
boy dribbles a ball
alone among a clutter
of decaying toys, trying
again and once again
to shoot a basket
through the rain.

— Z. ZATKIN DRESNER

NIXON'S BLOOD

There was the clot
blocking the flow

was it his lies
covering the bleeding of
Cambodia Chile us
his fear of cover-up uncovered?

Blood frozen by damned rage
blood out of balance
seeping in the deep

headline and tube proclaim
shock and crisis
eight minutes with the heir pardoner

his hair, they said, was mussed.

— GABRIELLE EDGEComb

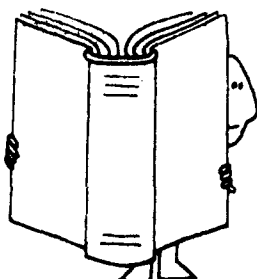
BOOKS

DISCRIMINATIONS: Essays and Afterthoughts,
1938-1974 by Dwight Macdonald, Viking, \$15
Reviewed by Leonard Shanks

DWIGHT Macdonald is one of the least scarred veterans of the New York literary-political wars raging since the late 1930s. The cultural and political factions, their alliances and splits, their foreign (outside New York City) entanglements and isolationist withdrawals have been terribly intricate and involved. Throughout, for 35 years, Macdonald has managed to stay reasonably near the top; he shifts well with the tide and today no doubt remains one of America's leading intellectuals. The material collected in Discriminations ranges immensely; dating from 1938 advice for Leon Trotsky to fulminations against the "Milhouse Demolition

Corp;" dealing with most anything a critic can criticize. Almost all has been previously published in New York intellectual journals, but this collection usefully brings it together, though at a staggering \$15.

The point that stands out is how consistent a critic can be, how he can remain within the same basic framework of ideas, yet shift with the times without losing his critical integrity. (Or maybe a little when he gets unwittingly entangled with the CIA-sponsored "Encounter" magazine). There are, of course, contradictions from piece to



piece — whether it is permissible to try consciously to be an actor in history; the realization that poverty must be attacked by central government versus a recurrent nostalgia for "conservative anarchism," — but more outstanding is an incessant demand for good taste, for high culture, for style. According to Macdonald, C. Wright Mills seems to fail largely because he is a clumsy writer. Norman Cousins' blandness, Henry Wallace's demagoguery, Tom Wolfe's vulgarity, and American "shapelessness" are all targets. Macdonald can be very harsh on those with bad style, with people who misspell his name or make the same argument he made twenty years ago. He is, he proclaims, a cultural elitist.

It must be admitted that he lives up to his own rigorous demands. Macdonald is both an extraordinarily fine writer, (he tells you so), and a very adept judge of others. Virtually every essay holds up well, making superfluous the afterthoughts he appends to many of the pieces. Macdonald is a critic, not a theorist or system-builder. A Macdonald sampler is perhaps a test case in the value of criticism. It can't really get us anywhere: "It is in the actual process of composition that I discover...what I really think about the subject." But good criticism helps make the world a little less dizzy. And I like the title.

ANAI'S NIN, Diarist, Novelist, Critic
Reviewed by Joyce Cohen

ANAI'S (pronounced Anna-ees) Nin has emerged as an outstandingly talented diarist, novelist, and critic, whose works offer profound insight into woman and the artist and display a remarkable sensitivity to the human condition. She has been acclaimed as "one of the most extraordinary writers of this century" and as "the most perfectly emancipated woman of her world."

Obviously, no brief overview such as this could begin to do justice to the writer or to the woman, for universities give whole courses on her works, while Anais Nin herself has written over 150 volumes on her life. However, an attempt will be made to share some impressions about Anais Nin in her multiple facets, as gleaned from her writings, a full length documentary film entitled "Anais Observed," and a recent personal appearance that she made at the Smithsonian at the age of 71.

ANAI'S NIN, THE DIARIST

Although writing with serious intent for over four decades and with more than 15,000 pages of diary that date back to age 11, Anais Nin has acquired a large audience only since 1966 when the diary of her life from 1931-1934 was published. At present five volumes of her diary are in print, encompassing her life between 1931-1955. These writings record a sensitive, brilliant, and often painful account of a woman's journey toward self-discovery. Anais has said "I put my genius into living and my talent into writing." her diary bears this out.

Ms. Nin, through her diary, does more than to provide simply a history of her days. She takes us on an excursion through the vicissitudes of life and her search for the illusive and a striving to come to terms with the disparate. There is also the fright and distress that can accompany awareness. More important, though, is the uncompromising ability of Anais Nin to describe her inner experience in a way that allows us — and particularly the woman — to register a sense of recognition, a feeling for a mutuality of concerns.

The diary also contains references to many important members of artistic circles, both in Paris (Henry Miller, Lawrence Durrell, William S. Burroughs, Alfred Perles) and in New York (Richard Wright, Truman Capote, Gore Vidal, Edgar Varese, Marguerite Young, Robert Duncan). The breadth of Ms. Nin's experiences and the influences on her work can further be seen in her diary with her analysis by Otto Rank and, interestingly, the analyses that she herself performed. These latter influences, especially, can be appreciated in her novels.

ANAI'S NIN, THE NOVELIST

While Anais Nin feels that the diary is her medium for inner growth, when she wants to invent, to create, she turns to the novels and stories. In this sense, the diary can also be seen as a sketchbook from which Ms. Nin's fiction is synthesized into a melange of personal experience, poetry, and psychological drama.

Her five novels that make up the "roman fleuve (Cities of the Interior)" all concern the struggle of female protagonists to comprehend their own nature. The reader witnesses the movement of these characters along a continuum from psychic analysis toward inner understanding and integration. Anais Nin's experience of undergoing analysis and of conducting analyses herself is apparent throughout these works. She delves into the unconscious where her characters confront the neurotic conflicts that impede them from realizing their true identity. Despite the use of careful analysis, her novels remain literary and universal, and not esoteric. There is a rich blend of myth, symbolism, rhythm, sensitivity, and form that make reading these works a moving personal experience.

Read sequentially, the novels and novellas reveal a progression of varying styles, at times lyrical, poetic, and intuitive, while at other times objective, psychological, and analytic. But they are always human and insightful.

ANAI'S NIN, THE WOMAN

Perhaps as strong as the reputation Anais Nin enjoys as a diarist and novelist is the regard for her as a woman, as a person who personifies the quest for freedom of spirit. Indeed this quality is all about her, readily discernible in her public appearances and in the film about her.



PHOTO COLLAGE BY JOYCE COHEN

In her lecture at the Smithsonian in September, Ms. Nin reiterated some of the basic themes found in her diaries and fictional works. She contended that interest in self-discovery is not narcissism as our culture might have us believe. Rather, we grow by relating to our personal world first, working toward a new self that can then participate with and contribute to the collective. This theme was further pursued in the film where she talked about how the artist does not create because of neurosis, but in spite of it.

At 71, Anais Nin continues her creative work. At times she feels in touch with the "unending river" of her unconscious which she offers to share with others through her writings. She presents us with ideas and with dreams which might often be ours. Apart from the content of her dreams, her view of them alone is instructive. Anais sees dreams as "blueprints for secret wishes which we can fulfill if we understand the dream symbols. Dreams are eloquent speakers of our secret life." Anais Nin is an eloquent spokeswoman of the same.

[Joyce Cohen is Assistant Professor of Art and Program Head of the Northern Virginia Community College Photography Department. She is also a professional photographer who has had many shows and a free-lance writer.]

ART

ALMA THOMAS: Paintings at Franz Bader Gallery
Reviewed by Clarissa K. Wittenberg

I WENT to see Alma Thomas' brightly colored paintings, intending to study them quietly. Franz Bader convinced me to return for the opening and meet Alma Thomas herself. I did and was captivated, but any idea of being objective flew out the window. Born in Columbus, Georgia in 1895, she came to DC as a small child and still lives in the same house. In 1924 she received her bachelor's degree from Howard, becoming the first graduate of that school's art department. In 1934 she received her masters from Columbia University. Returning to Washington she then studied with Joe Summerford, Robert Gates and Jacob Kainen. In 1924 she had begun teaching art at Shaw Junior High, where she remained until her retirement in 1960.

A small woman with great poise, she is currently in a wheelchair recovering from a broken hip. Concerned now that she will not be able to paint again, she treasures her completed works. Although she has had many, many exhibitions (at the Corcoran, the Whitney, at Martha Jackson's Gallery in New York) she retains a fresh pleasure in such an event. Looking around she smiled, "Doesn't the red one look good over there" she says, "Look here, this one sings, doesn't it?" She pointed out the rough edges of the handmade watercolor paper, she used with great pleasure. These are

n.b.

THE latest American Review (#21) includes a fine essay on Watergate by political thinkers John Schaar and Francis Carhey. Their thesis is that there are two ways of considering the whole sordid episode. If one is of the "pluralist" school of American politics, then, granting the dangerous aberration, the system of checks and balances worked quite well in checking the power of the executive branch. But Schaar and Carney point out that according to classical political thought, a republic depended on a commitment to the public welfare. On this interpretation the Watergate phenomenon represents the triumph of the private over the public welfare. Nixon with his passion for secrecy, his distrust of everyone from the populace to his close associates thus exemplifies the corruption not so much of individual men but of the very ethics which makes a republican form of government possible.

THIS month's Woody Hayes-Memorial-Cultural-Criticism Award should go to Gene Bovello the coach of the Bethesda Boys Club junior (100 lb.) football team. As he watched his gridders run through their drills, he was heard to say: "This is the American way. . . . If these boys weren't out here tonight, God knows where they'd be. You don't see any hippies here, do you? I mean, some of the guys' hair may be a little long, but they're good boys. These are all-American boys, just like we were."

JOHN HARTLEY of the District highway department gets this issue's award as moral philosopher of the month and as the public official with the cleverest way with words. In reaction to a proposal to allow drivers to turn right on red, Hartley delivered himself of the weighty judgment that such a change would "prostitute the meaning of the red light."

A LOCAL man, K.E. King, is the editor of a new magazine devoted to the writing and art of prison inmates. The name of the publication is Joint Conference. Subscriptions and submission of materials should go to King Publications, PO Box 19332, DC 20036.

— RICHARD KING

love, this warmth, is reflected in her work. She uses simple patterns of color, sometimes a bright one escaping from behind, sometimes a sombre tone to give more depth. Her water colors, or rather acrylic on paper are simple glowing and beautiful. Here she breaks away from her overall patterns and has broad surfaces of translucent colors with a few streaks of other colors. Her gay colors are unusual. Those who have her work find it like sunshine to live with.



Franz Bader is the sort of person to understand and appreciate Alma Thomas. He is 71 years young, courtly and worldly. He too is emotional and not afraid of expressing it. Born in Vienna of well-to-do and well-educated parents he appreciated the

young man in a bookshop. Two years before the Germans annexed Austria he and another man bought a very old bookstore. Still when he fled Austria he brought only \$12 and a "few belonging." When he came to Washington the art scene was virtually non-existent, "only the Phillips was an oasis." David Whyte opened a gallery and showed the works of Cezanne, Rousseau, Van Gogh. It soon closed and Bader convinced James Whyte to open his brother's abandoned gallery and show the work of DC artists. Then in 1952 Bader opened his own book shop and gallery at 17th and Pennsylvania Avenue. It was one of those very special places where the public could meet and talk to important authors; Robert Graves, Dylan Thomas, Edith Sitwell and Rachel Carson among others. He remembers "crowded, but happy autograph parties." His current gallery and bookshop at 2124 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW is also often crowded. Artists from this area show their work here along with international artists. His universal eye has no favorites. He sees the beauty in rare and

naive bark paintings from South America, in Eskimo sculpture from Cape Dorset, in finely detailed Dutch etchings, in broad abstract color works. "I have never been bored in my life" he states, "I have never had much money either, but I have always been happy."

He is enthusiastically planning his next shows — a "very exciting" group show of gallery artists in December, a show for Wang Ming in January of whom Bader says: "You see his show at the Corcoran was so well received that we wanted to have a special show;" and a show for Joe Summerford, one of the founders of the art department at American University. . .

Bader's gallery fairly bursts with interesting art. Wander around upstairs and down and don't miss any of it. Ask to see the Washington Portfolio '74 when you are there. This interesting group of prints was done by the Washington Printmaker's Workshop and is rather special. A lively gallery that reflects Bader's zest for life.

tures made when he accompanied former President Nixon to China.

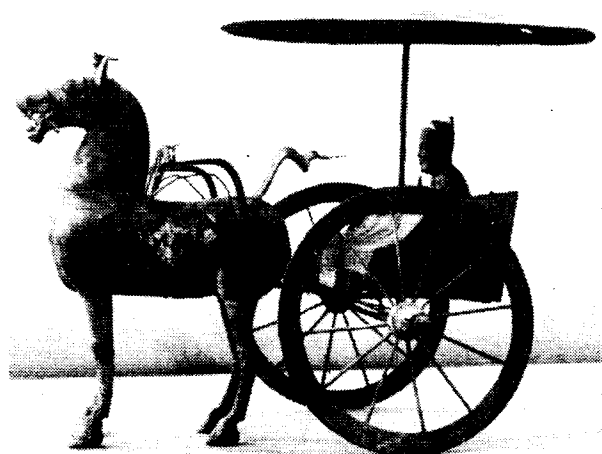
The precious flying horse was found in 1969 at Wu-wei, Kansu. Lively and dramatic, this work captured accurately the leg motion of a running horse with one hoof resting on the head of a swallow. This horse was one of the "celestial," "blood-sweating horses." Early Chinese horses were from the steppes and very small; however in about 128 B.C. beautiful horses were brought from Persia. On these Persian horses, which would run so fast they "sweated blood," a man could ride along the Great Wall and warn of invasions. Status was based on ownership of such horses and tombs carried models of the horses and carriages owned. The distorted musculature, dilated nostrils and wild eyes of this famous horse are all characteristic.

The fabled Silk Route is evoked by the display of five fragments of fabric. For many centuries China guarded the secret of producing and weaving silk. Their patterns were later to travel to Damascus and return with the name Damask. Even from the 6th century, A.D. when the Romans and Iranians found the secrets, Chinese silks were superior. The Silk Route moved along the north edge of the Tibetan K'un-lun mountains, passing through the chief oasis cities. One fragment in this show was preserved by the dry sandy soil where it was found. It shows a woven tree pattern in five colors. Dr. Lawton thought perhaps the design was for Persian consumption since the Chinese often used other motifs for trade.

The porcelains in this show are lovely. One can see here some of the first porcelains with a cobalt blue underpaintings. Such works have influenced the world, spreading to Holland as Delft, to Spain as their characteristic blue and white ware. Porcelains with the prized celadon, jade-like glazes can also be seen.

There are other unusual items. Silver and gold acupuncture needles (Han dynasty), a series of nine bronze bells tuned to intervals from the fifth century B.C. The ninth bell skips an interval, causing some to think that perhaps a bell is missing. Though no notation has been preserved, a song has nevertheless been written to fit the bells as they might have been played and is tape recorded as part of the exhibition.

Experts warn that it is necessary to prepare oneself to see objects on a small and intimate scale. These are essentially private objects. Concern was for purity of line, for sacred appeal. The most recent objects were made when Marco Polo entered China. This show is one of those rare events that occur only a few times in a lifetime. Although high prices have been charged in other cities, here the exhibition is free, the courtesy of the National Gallery and IBM.



CHINESE TREASURES — Archeological Finds from the People's Republic of China. The National Gallery of Art, Dec. 13-March 30.

Previewed by Clarissa K. Wittenberg

MAGICIANS, flying horses, ancient bronzes, stone axe heads and prehistoric clay vessels all combine with diplomatic negotiations, scholarly arguments and tremendous public curiosity to shape this show of over 380 ancient treasures from China. Response has been tremendous in London, Paris and Toronto—and Washington (along with Kansas City) is very lucky to obtain it (the Metropolitan Museum pressed for years and was not so fortunate). A number of prominent people including Andre Malraux, Vadime Elisseeff, (curator of the Cernuschi Oriental Museum in Paris), Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon were all involved at some point in the ten-year-long negotiations.

There were frightening reports from China in the 1960's that the Red Guards were destroying the "art of the Emperors and concubines." Archeological reports were discontinued for a period and concern grew. Fortunately it appears that few if any objects were destroyed and that indeed, a fierce feeling of pride in a national heritage has developed. Whereas once objects were found and sold surreptitiously, now they are reported immediately to a regional cultural officer. Dr. Thomas Lawton of the Freer Gallery believes this new policy to be so successful that no "new" genuine antique Chinese antiques now appear on the market. Further on his visit to China last winter he was very impressed by the concern for historic art treasures and saw no visible damage.

This exhibition has many beautiful objects, some bordering on the sensational. The jade suit of Princess Tou Wan has been highly publicized, but it is the bronze flying horse of Kansu that enchants the experts. For scholars the show has another significance. In the past there were often no reliable records of where, when or how works of art were found. In this exhibition each piece is carefully documented. Its provenance, or pedigree, is complete and this allows historical work to go forward. For instance, early bronze work in China was distinguished by subtle decorations; so for years it was believed that they had used "the lost wax"

method. Now whole foundries have been excavated, showing unusually fine clay molds and as a result the dating of the introduction of "the lost wax" method now has been fixed much later. Other discoveries link traditions of design to earlier indigenous ones where previously it was thought that the design traditions had come from the West. Still others show how far political influence spread during an era by how far their designs were carried.

China was to the East as Egypt, Rome and Greece were to the West. We are fortunate that the Chinese have reconciled their politics with their history and have chosen to allow this exhibition. The "Official and Authentic Introduction" stresses Chairman Mao's wish that "the past serve the present," notes the exploitation of the ruling classes and emphasizes that the art is a product of a gifted people. Although some museums have written their own catalogues, the National Gallery has tactfully used the basic material provided by the Chinese.

The early pottery will seem almost familiar as it resembles that of the American Indians and the Indians of the Great North West. However touches of what we consider to be typically Chinese design develop early. Characteristic shapes such as the trip-pod are found in pottery and foreshadow work to follow in bronze. Pottery quickly assumes elegant shapes and lovely colors. While some early pottery is decorated with such primitive means as the mark of a finger nail, quickly more elaborate signs occur: thunder, waves, clouds, mountains, ferocious animals of a fanciful nature. Bronzes dating from the Shang dynasty, (16th-11th century B.C.) show decoration combined with basic development of forms useful for holding food and wine as well as sacrifices. Bronze, composed of copper and tin, was made from deposits found in China. However jade, which is so associated with Chinese art is not found in that country, either in Nephrite (white) or Jadeite (green) form. So when you observe the early penannular ring of white jade, (4th or 3rd century B.C.), you are probably seeing evidence of trade with Siberia or another country. This ring is thought to be in the Pi shape, a flat disk with a small hole symbolizing heaven. In some periods it was the exclusive property of the emperor.

The most spectacular finds in the show date from Han Dynasty (2nd and 1st centuries B.C.). In 1968 army engineers found a tunnel and unearth skeletons of horses and the jade suited body of Prince Liu Sheng. Beyond that they found an iron door, which they blasted open with explosives (causing archeologists to grimace when they think of it). Inside they found many objects: the crumbled jade suit that had covered Princess Tou Wan at her death, a bronze and gilt pillow for her head, two tiny, but powerfully designed leopards, gilt and silvered and having garnet eyes. The jade suits have been restored and that of the princess is in this show. Taoist magicians and astrologers thought that jade placed at the nine orifices of the body prevented decay and the suits carried this idea further. Prince Liu Sheng was considered an imperial aristocrat with a penchant for wine and women; Han historians recorded he had 120 sons. Few Westerners had seen these objects until Marc Riboud, a French photographer presented photographs in Vogue magazine. Byron Schumaker has similar pic-



NOTICES

THEATRE

A THOUSAND CLOWNS at the Lazy Susan Inn Dinner Theatre thru Jan. 5th. The Lazy Susan is located just off Route One/Woodbridge exit from I-95 South. Reservations: 550-7384.

J.B. by Archibald MacLeish at American University's Clendenen Theatre, Dec. 5-7, 12-14. Reservations: 686-2317, 10am-5pm, Mon-Fri.

HENRY IV, PART I by Shakespeare at the Folger Theatre thru Dec. 22. Tues-Sun, 8 pm. Sun. Matinee 3 pm. Reservations: 546-4000. American Express & BankAmericard accepted.

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE at Catholic University's Hartke Theatre thru Dec. 8.

SKIN OF OUR TEETH at Georgetown University's Theatre thru Dec. 7. Including live animals and laser beam. 8 pm. \$2.50 Reservations: 625-4960 from 11 to 12, Mon-Fri, or 333-1789. At Stage One: 3620 P Street, NW.

THE FRONT PAGE opens Dec. 11 at Arena Stage in repertory with Death of A Salesman and Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

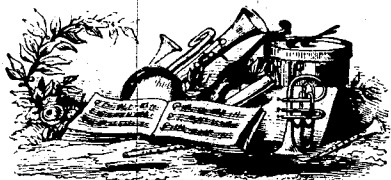
A CHRISTMAS CAROL to be presented by Glen Echo Park's Adventure Theatre Dec. 7 & 8 at 1:30 and 3:30 pm. \$1.50. The park is located on MacArthur Blvd in Glen Echo, Md. Reservations: 320-5331 weekdays and 320-5203, weekends.

THE LION IN WINTER at the Prince George's Little Theatre, Dec. 6-7, 8:30 pm in the sanctuary of St. Christophers Church, Rt. 450 at Riverdale Road, New Carrollton, Md. \$2.50 and \$1.50. Info: 772-6486.

Back Alley Theatre announced that their second offering, Native Son has been postponed until the middle of January due to financial difficulties.

CAMELOT at the Harlequin Dinner Theatre, 1330 Gude Drive, Rockville, Md. Showtime at 8:30 pm. Reservations: 340-8515.

The new Palisades Theatre Company opens its first season of young people's repertory theatre Dec 2 at 10:30 am and 1:30 pm with The Christmas Present at 945 G Street, NW. On December 9 at the same hours the new production Mark Twain will premier. Info: 737-7200.



MUSIC

OPERAS ON FILM at the AFI:
Dec. 1 & 2: "Die Meistersinger Von Nurnberg"
Dec. 15 & 16: "Queen of Spades"
Dec. 29 & 30: La Boheme:
Jan. 5 & 6: "Così Fan Tutte"
For info: 883-9300.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Lafayette Square, 12:10 pm, Dec. 11. The Northwood Madrigal Singers, John Silantien, Director.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY of Washington presents Handel's Messiah, featuring the Washington Civic Opera Chorus, the Landon Lower and Middle School Boys' Choruses, soloists and Orchestra. National Presbyterian Church Center, 4101 Nebraska Ave, NW at 8 pm. \$3.00 and \$2.00. Info: EM3-8328.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Dec. 14, 7:30 pm in the atrium of the gallery. David Amran (the Renaissance man of American music) and friends singing carols and songs for young people and conducting music of Bach, Mozart, Vivaldi, \$3.00 adults, \$1.50 children. Reservations: Ms. A. J. Beveridge, 2921 44th Place, NW, DC 20016.

JAZZ COURSE AT YWCA: January/February. W. Royal Stokes, host of the classic jazz radio program "I thought I heard Buddy Bolden say..." on WGTB-FM will teach the course which includes: the 1920s, Kansas City, the territory bands; Harlem; Swing; and the 40's, New Orleans revival, mainstream and Bebop. For registration call 638-2100, ext. 29.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY free concerts:
Dec. 2: Evelyn Swarthout, pianist
Dec. 6: Janis Lieberman, hornist
Dec. 8: AU Symphonic Wind Ensemble
Dec. 9: Rita Gottlieb, pianist
Dec. 11: Collegium Musicum
Dec. 16: Joann Haratounian, pianist
All concerts are held in the McDonald Recital Hall, Kreeger Music Building on campus with the exception of the wind ensemble which will be held in New Lecture Hall. 8 pm.

WOMEN IN COUNTRY MUSIC: Kitty Wells at the Smithsonian performing with her husband, Johnny Wright, Bobby Wright and the Tennessee Mountain Boys. It was Wells who made the record "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels." Reservations: 381-5395.

AT THE FOLGER: Annual Christmas Concert, Annapolis Brass Quintet, Dec. 16, 8 pm. Free.

THE PAUL HILL CHORALE: An American Christmas, Sunday, Dec. 15, 3 pm at the Kennedy Center.

BAROQUE ARTS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA in free concerts at Alice Deal Auditorium, Nebraska Avenue & Fort Drive, NW, 8:30 pm. Dec. 10: Mozart's "Serenade No. 6" and the "Concerto No. 2 in D. Major." Haydn's "Symphony No. 54 in G Major" completes the program. Linda Jonas, flutist will be solist in the Mozart concerto.

THE CHORAL ARTS SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON presents Christmas music at the Kennedy Center Dec. 21 & 22.



MEDIA

WOLF TRAP PERFORMANCES on WETA-TV, Channel 26, 9 p.m.
Dec. 9: Eliot Feld Ballet
Dec. 23: Andre Kostelanetz
Jan 6: International Folk Festival

JEAN SHEPHERD, the master modern-day talker on WETA-FM, 90.9 on Monday, Wednesday and Fridays at 7 pm, followed by Jack Armstrong, All American Boy (which is much better than you remember it being).

TEXACO METROPOLITAN OPERA live broadcast season resumes on WGMS-AM/FM with "Death in Venice" Dec. 14, a new opera by Benjamin Britten. December 21 will air "Jenufa" by Leos Janacek. Saturdays at 2 pm.

OPERA ON WAMU-FM, Sunday evenings at 8:30 pm.
Dec. 1: "Manon" by Massenet.
Dec. 15: "Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz
Dec. 29: "Lohengrin" by Wagner

JACQUES LIPCHITZ, a film about the American sculpture will be shown on WTOP-TV, Dec. 1, 7:30 pm.

NOEL COWARD documentary on WETA-TV, Dec. 12, 9 pm.

COLUMBIA Workshop's production of "The Happy Prince," from Dec. 26, 1936, the delightful Oscar Wilde Christmas tale; and from the Dec. 19, 1948, the Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show, with special guest Jack Benny as Santa Claus. WAMU-FM, 7:00 pm, Dec. 15.

ART

ANSEL ADAMS, photographs at the Corcoran thru Dec. 22.

ELIZABETH KOENIG, marble and bronze sculpture, Dec 1-28, Tues.-Sat., 11-4, 1437 Emerson Ave, McLean, Va.

DOROTHY ABBOTT, sculptor, Dec 2-31, Mon-Fri, 9:30 am - 6 pm, Sat. 9:30-5 pm, at Mickelson Gallery, 707 G Street, NW.

DAVID RIEGEL, artist and weaver at the Anne Hathaway Gallery, Folger Library, thru Jan. 3. 201 E. Cap. Street, SE.

SYLVIA DUERKSEN, watercolors and drawing at New Friends Coffee House, 2121 Decatur Place, NW thru Dec. 8. Tues-Sat, noon-11 pm.

CONSTANCE BERGFORS: paintings, Gallery 10 ltd, 1519 Conn. Ave, NW thru Dec. 7. Tues-Sat, 11-5 pm

SYLVIA HAMMER, MILLIE TAYLOR and LORETTA BONFIDLEO at the Studio Gallery, Dec. 3-21st.

GLEN ECHO PARK staff exhibit Dec. 12-Jan 6th, afternoons.

JOHN STEWART, JACK EARL, GAY GLADING: at Pyramid Galleries thru Jan. 4, 1975.

LEE FEWELL: Aurora Gallery, 918 Ellsworth Drive, Silver Spring thru Dec. 23rd.

LEONARD CAVE, HAROLD VOGEL, HILDE MICHALIK VOGEL, & HARVEY MOORE at The Bridge, 15 2nd St, NE thru Dec. Open Sat & Sun, 2-6.

RUBY GRADY: paintings & sculpture at The Dickson Gallery, 3237 P St, NW thru Dec. 18.

CHRISTMAS EXHIBIT of artists of the Bader Gallery, opening Dec. 2.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA: Whitney Museum, NY thru Jan. 12.

MADE IN CHICAGO: National Collection of Fine Arts thru Dec. 29. A tough, gritty, acid show of strong images. 12 artists. -CKW

ANDY WARHOL'S new silk screen series of flowers, "Bouquet" at Max Protetch, 2151 P St, NW, Wed-Sat.

BOUTIQUE AFRICA opens at the Museum of African Art. Objects from a co-op in Ba Menda, Cameroon, kente cloth in ties, shawls and robes, tapestries from Dahomey, Ivory Coast tie-dye fabrics, duplicates from the museum's own sculpture collection (\$25-\$1,000) and unusual jewelry will be on sale. Eliot Elisofon's photography and graphics by Lou Stovall will be on exhibit and for sale. All proceeds will benefit the museum. 316-318 A Street, NE

CHRISTMAS CRAFTS FAIRS:

Eighth annual senior Citizens Hobby Fair, Dec. 5 & 6 at Edgewood Terrace Center, 635 Edgewood St, NE, H.R. Crawford Hall.

Christmas Art and Craft Fair at the Maryland School of Art, 640 University Boulevard, East, Silver Spring, Dec. 7 & 8 from 10 am to 5 pm. Pottery, Jewelry, batics, paintings, candles, leatherwork and macrame.

St. Johns Annual Greens Sale, Dec. 13 & 14. Fri: 2:30 pm-6:30 pm. Sat. 11 am until 5 pm. Includes freshly cut pine boughs, holly mistletoe, wreaths, kissing balls, a "collectables" gift department, freshly baked bread and plum puddings as well as boutique gifts and a gourmet table.

Glen Echo Park pre-Christmas exhibit sales, Dec. 1st thru 8th.

DANCE

ARLINGTON DANCE THEATRE: annual Christmas program at Thomas Jefferson Auditorium. Info: 581-1864 or 356-7677.

MAIDA WITHERS in concert, Marvin Theatre, 21st & H, GW, Dec. 13, 14, 15 8 pm.

THE GRINCH WHO STOLE CHRISTMAS - Dance narration for children, Capitol Hill Arts Workshop, 3:30 & 4:30, Capitol Hill Presbyterian Church, 4th & Independence, SE, Donation requested, reservations suggested: 543-2081.

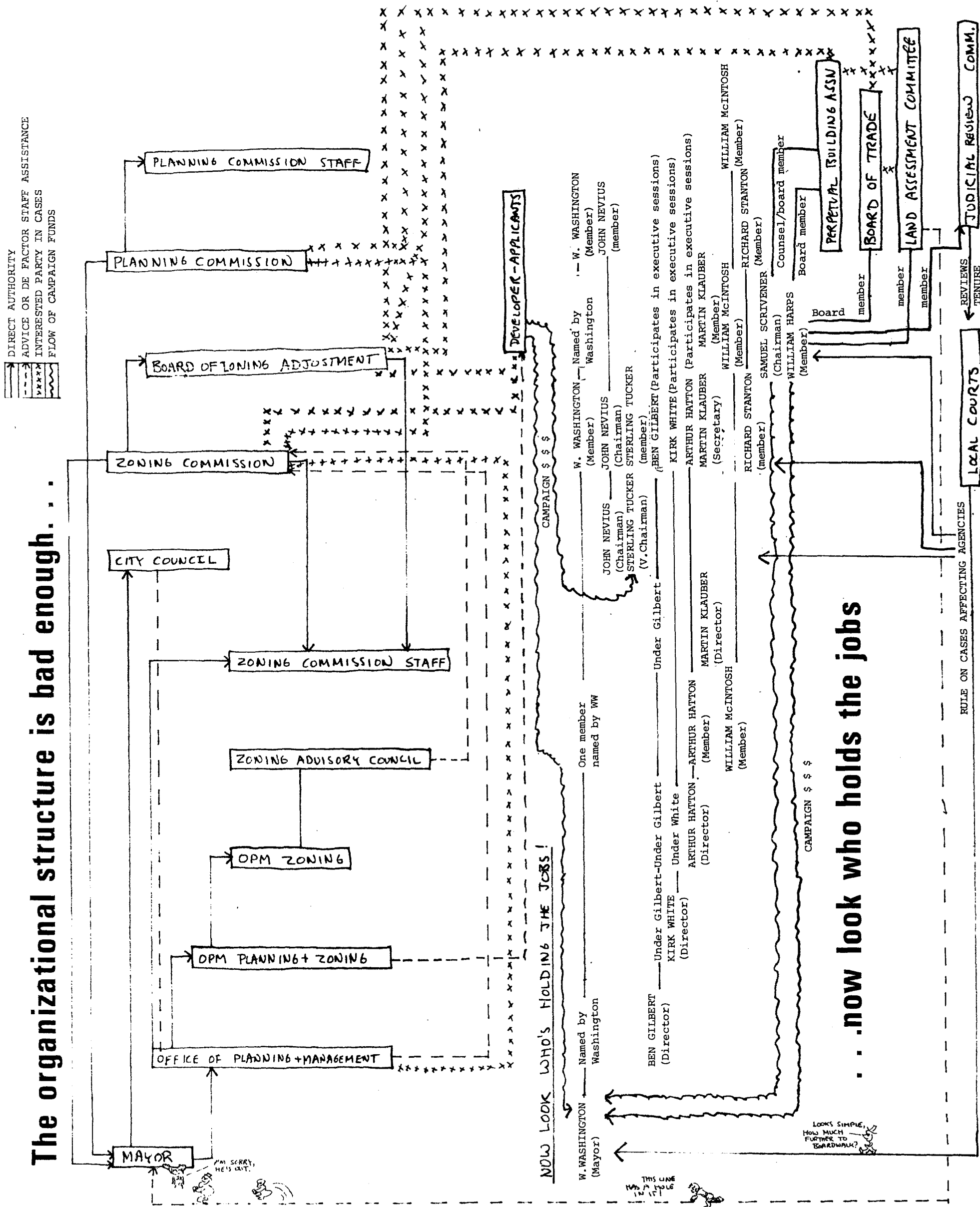
FILM

MEAN STREETS, rare chance to see the best movie of 1973 directed by Martin Scorsese, Dec. 2-5th at the Circle.

DC's sick zoning system

Deep conflicts of interest and questionable behavior of members of the Board of Zoning Adjustment reported in this issue and the previous one represent just one facet of a city zoning system riddled with actual and potentially compromising situations. The chart at left, complex and confusing as it is, does not even tell the full story. But it strongly suggests some reasons why the zoning system here is weighted towards the powerful and against the public interest. Not only are the agencies responsible for zoning placed in relationships that are inherently full of conflict but the multiple hats worn by individuals involved makes the conflict even worse. The top of the chart describes the institutional relationships; the bottom shows where key individuals sit. To understand the chart, it is easiest to take one agency or individual and follow the lines of power, influence and money.

The organizational structure is bad enough. . .



Classifieds

NOTICES are free for individual subscribers and for non-profit organizations. Individual subscribers get the first 20 words free; non-profit groups the first 50 words free. After that, it's 10¢ a word. Ads run on a space available basis.

COMMERCIAL AD RATE: 10¢ a word.

DEADLINE: Third Tuesday of month, noon.

MAIL ADS (no phone calls) to DC Gazette
109 8th St. NE DC 20002

CAPITOL HILL N.O.W. meets Dec. 6, Southeast Branch, D.C. Public Library, 7th & D, SE, 7:30 p.m. Info: 543-8525.

AFRO-AMERICAN writer-street intellectual, 32, lovable and creative but becoming mean and hungry; needs job. Call Robert Hinton, 232-4772. 1753 Kilbourne Place, NW, 20010.

THE Washington Area Bicyclists Association is a citizen's action and research group promoting bicycling both locally and on a national level. Projects cover full spectrum of bicycling - safety, consumer affairs, legal aid, recreation and transportation. Did you know that the bicyclist is almost always considered at fault legally? Our free legal service is counteracting that idea. Other projects include surveys of local bicycle shops, testing bicycle safety equipment and providing information on any aspect of biking. The grievance line is always open - dial 223-0003 to report any problems or accidents involving bicycles. The aim of all these services - to create the most safe and pleasurable environment for cycling.

OVER 200 Indian women and men are on trial for their part in the Wounded Knee and other Indian protests. There has been a committee set up to aid their defense. The D.C. Wounded Knee Defense Committee meets every second and fourth Wednesday, 7:30 p.m., All Souls Church, 16th and Harvard, NW. Info: 234-1616 or 783-1060.

MUSIC LOVER, 38, visits DC frequently, varied intellectual, cultural interests, seeks stimulating company from strong, athletic, spontaneous Ms. who enjoys hiking, concertgoing, dining, good conversation. Box 414, Lemont, Pa. 16851.

TRANSACTIONAL ANALYSIS on the Hill: Weekly problem-solving groups and individual sessions. Moderate fees. Call Lucy at 547-5248

LOCAL HUMANE ORGANIZATION needs volunteers for animal rescue, adoptions, screening and office work. Write PO Box 40123, Palisades Station, DC 20016

GATE CLINIC OFFERS monthly smoking withdrawal clinic. Next one scheduled Dec 9-13 beginning at 7 pm. Internationally "Five Day Plan to Stop Smoking" consists of five group therapy sessions led by a doctor and a counselor. 337-4283 or 587-5365 and ask for December Smoking Withdrawal Clinic

BRIDGE PLAYERS WANTED, preferably fanatical, for regular or occasional games. Jackie, 298-8680 (day), 547-3372 (eve).

DO YOU HAVE SPACE TO RENT? Maximize space on the Hill. Rent while you're at work. Rent to WEE CARE, nonprofit daycare group on Hill. 5 children, one adult. 3 days a week. Chrystyna Kinal, 546-9227.

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A three month free trial subscription to Grass Roots, the national publication for the People's Party is available by writing to: 1404 M Street, NW, 3rd floor, Thomas Circle, Columbia 20005

chuck
stone

In the psychic security of his ancestral home Muhammad Ali heeded the words of the prophet Mohammed and put on a historic whipping on that boy, George Foreman. "Oh true believers," commands the Koran, the Book of Islam, "take your necessary precautions against your enemies and either go forth to war in separate bodies or go forth all together one body."

Ali needed no other body. That superbly conditioned machine of muscle, hustle and corpuscle, butterfly-floated and bee-stung a bewildered behemoth into insensibility. After the fight, Ali gave praise to Allah.

Yet whether the sports' upset of the year--perhaps the decade--was accomplished through divine intercession or pugilistic prowess, America's dingy, dirty, hero-starved ghettos didn't care.

Their "main man" came through just as he had promised; their cup runneth over.

As I toured the nation's fourth largest ghetto in Philadelphia that night I witnessed scenes repeated all over the country. Small knots of dudes taking control of street corners and reenacting every round until the wee hours of the morning. Hunchin', hookin', throwin' jazz and steppin' back for applause. There must have been thousands of future heavyweight champions on the streets after that fight, everyone of them profilin'.

On one corner, Roy Wilson, an ex-fighter, wearing his shades and wide-brimmed grey hounds-tooth cap summoned to a graceful crouch and threw a symphony of jabs. "People look down at the man because of his religion," he huffed. "I'm a Baptist but I am ready to check this Islam thing out. My religion ain't done nothing for me."

To one man standing in a bar, Ali had "laid one on the racist-oppressor." That statement calibrates Ali's appeal. No matter how many black men Muhammad Ali fights, his opponent will always be nominated as the enemy of the blacks. Several paradoxically even referred to him as "Clay". No disrespect, just family familiarity.

A well-dressed man in one bar smiled knowingly. "A lot of white boys lost a lot of money. At 12 o'clock the day of the fight they had stopped giving odds downtown. The brothers had their faith in Ali and their bread in their pockets. They were ready to deal. And the white man couldn't handle it."

"Yeah," chimed in his drinking partner. "That's why I dig Ah-lee. He beat the white man at his system."

"Susquehanna Avenue," pronounced bespectacled George Moody, "is going to change to Ali Avenue."

A procession of cars roared up Broad Street, the city's main north-south artery. The horns were honking the way they used to when I was a kid and Joe Louis had put an opponent to sleep.

Black patrolman Ronald Johnson, tall and handsome, paused at a corner restaurant for coffee. "He brought us back a little more pride tonight."

A young teenager, Jerry Hutton, sauntered by, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head and philosophically wrapped-up the evening; "Ah ain't nevah heard of a man going all the way to Africa just to get his ass whipped."

UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

charles mcdowell

MY neighbor Mr. Bumbleton stood knee deep in leaves and threw down his rake and said in a large voice, "Oh, leaves, ye mockers of mankind, ye softly drifting pestilence of fall..."

"Beg pardon?" I said, dropping my own rake and walking across to his yard.

"We owe ourselves candor," Mr. Bumbleton said, sitting down against a tree. "Mankind has made no progress vis-a-vis leaves in the whole of history. The more we develop and refine our civilization, the more obvious it becomes that we are less capable of coping with leaves year by year. They will bury us in the end.

"You will feel better about the leaves once you rake them up," I said.

"No, raking them up is only the beginning of the dismal process," he replied. "When I have raked them up, if I follow the custom of this highly developed and refined neighborhood. I will put the leaves into plastic bags. This week's raking alone will require a dozen of those plastic bags at a dime apiece. It is the worst kind of economic waste."

"Yes, Mr. Bumbleton, but when you have bagged the leaves and put them at the curb, the trash truck will come and take them away. You will be done with them."

"Not by a long shot, sad to say. First, those neat bags of worthless leaves will sit there until next Thursday when the truck comes. All up and down the street expensively packaged worthless leaves will remind us of the artificiality of our lives."

Mr. Bumbleton swung at, and missed, a magnificent reddish and yellow leaf that dropped soundlessly past his nose. He picked it up, examined it, and put it carefully in his jacket pocket.

He continued, "And the truck will come with three men and a driver. Clanking and crunching the neatly packaged leaves, the truck will fill up within a few blocks and take the leaves away to a distant dump. It will continue this sad shuttle through the day, costing a great deal of money, making the men feel futile, and salting some rural site with plastic bags that will outlast the pyramids.

"I guess it would be simpler just to burn the leaves," I said.

"Burning pollutes. It is unsightly. There is danger of brush fires. Understandably, there are laws. I recall a certain dreamy merit in tending a smoldering leaf pile in the autumn dusk, but it yielded before the prospect of the entire neighborhood smoldering and smoking like some suburb of Hell."

"Well, it is possible to push your leaves into the woods on the church's lot behind the house," I said.

"But hardly the neighborly thing to do," he said, looking at me severely. "That little woods would soon fill up with leaves above the treetops. People would bring their leaves from a mile around and probably in plastic bags."

"So shipping our leaves to the dump is the thing to do?"

"It is the agreed thing to do in this enlightened neighborhood. We are reaching the point in perfecting our living arrangements that just getting rid of leaves soon may be more complex and expensive than we can handle."

My neighbor leaned back against his tree and squinted at a jet climbing toward the sun. He said, "You would think we would have invented something useful to do with fallen leaves. I don't believe I would mind packaging leaves for a truck if they were going off to be pressed into boards to build houses or to be distilled into fuel, or even to be mashed into breakfast cereal with vitamins added."

"There are places, I am told, where leaves are allowed to lie on the ground after they fall," I said.

Mr. Bumbleton sat up straight and said sharply, "That is dangerous talk. It is true that a forest

accommodates its own leaves. But the American lawn, ideally, is a little swatch of the Augusta National Golf Course with a border of the gardens of Versailles. That means neatness and grass, among other things. Leaves are the enemy of neatness, and they are not conducive to a really nice fairway. So the leaves have to go."

"How about a mulch pile?"

"A mulch pile is not neat, whatever else it is. And a large mulch pile on a small lot is not neat in a big way. In any case, funny odors drift up to the patio."

"So you are going to get rid of these leaves, Mr. Bumbleton?"

"As a matter of fact, I am considering arranging them here under the tree and trying to keep them neat during the winter. Next spring, if I do that, I won't have much of a fairway. But I will decide that tomorrow. Right now, I am going to rake the leaves into a pile and jump in them."

And he did. For a man of his years and pessimism, he made some very sporty jumps into his leaf pile.

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

what's happening

THE Clearing House for Options in Children's Education (CHOICE), is sponsoring Christmas Crafts Festival, for the benefit of eight programs serving special education needs of DC children. At Sumner School Building, 17th & M Sts, NW, Dec. 3 thru Sun, Dec 8. 11 am thru 8 pm, Tuesday thru Saturday, and 11 am thru 8 pm Sunday. Inexpensive and moderately priced crafts by local craftspeople as well as baked goods and refreshments for shoppers. Free childcare will be provided. Info: 783-6088 or 628-0075.

"WHAT is the Crisis Facing Metropolitan Area Community Organizations" is the subject of a panel which will highlight a one-day management seminar to be held on Thursday, Dec. 5 at All Souls Unitarian Church.

The seminar is sponsored by the DC Community Management Center and the Support Center, two nonprofit organizations which provide other nonprofit organizations with management support services. It is open to all local, tax-exempt community groups.

There's a charge of \$5.00 per person that includes lunch. Registration forms can be obtained from the Community Management Center, 1822 Massachusetts Avenue, NW (872-1822).

THERE'S A NEW monthly paper in town. Called the Metropolitan Washington Examiner, it is being put out by a number of people who have been active in the fights against freeways, including Helen Leavitt and Angela Rooney. The first issue contained a lengthy critique of the Pennsylvania Avenue plan by David Paris of the Ecology Center, and articles on the urban development corporation, Lorton furloughs, area water problems and airport plans at Dulles. The paper costs \$6 a year from 4620 Wisconsin Ave. NW, DC 20016.

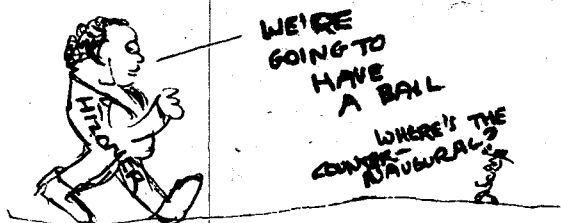
THE Public Citizen's Health Research Group has published the first consumer directory of exterminating companies in the metropolitan Washington, D.C. area: Household Pest Control: A Consumer's Guide to Exterminating Companies in the Washington, D.C. Metropolitan Area.

The Exterminator Directory, at a cost of \$2.75 is available from: Health Research Group, 2000 P Street, NW, Suite 708, DC 20036, 872-0320.

THE WASHINGTON AREA bicyclist Association has formed a Bike-Centennial committee, and has already submitted a preliminary proposal to

the DC Bicentennial Commission. If you would like to help, call Noreen Keleshian through the WABA office at 223-0003.

THE Citizens Advisory Committee to the DC Bar, chaired by John Hechinger and David Eaton, will hold a hearing on Dec. 10 in the City Council chambers (1 and 7 pm) to take testimony on the legal services needs of DC citizens. Areas to be covered include women, children, older persons, non-English-speaking persons, housing and consumer affairs. The hearing is designed to help the DC Bar be more effective in getting its members to provide legal services to local residents.



There will be a hearing before the City Council on Dec. 3 (2 and 7 pm) to consider proposed tax amendments, as follows:

- An amendment to the income and franchise tax regulations to provide for campaign contribution credit.
- An amendment to DC sales tax regulations to provide for "live" performance payment exemption.
- An amendment to the income tax regulations to provide circuit breaker relief for citizens.

Copies of the proposed regulations are available at the City Council. If you want to testify, contact Bette Vest (638-2223) or write the City Council with your views.

THERE'S a new center for free music in Adams-Morgan. Different types of music are scheduled each night — sometimes a concert or rehearsal and sometimes a jam session. It's blues and rock on Sundays at 8, Kids' night on Mondays at 7, folk and bluegrass on Tuesdays at 8 and Thursdays it's jazz at 8.

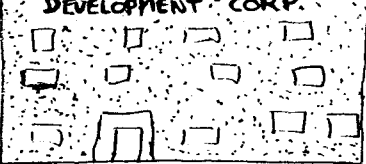
Called the Music Carry Out, the center is located at 2004 18th St. NW just above Florida Avenue. The center is available on a first-come first-served basis at other times for rehearsals, jams, workshops, concerts etc. Call 667-5445 or 667-5543.

The City Council has passed on first reading an anti-vendor law that would restrict the number of vending spots in Georgetown to 21. The next day Chairman Nevius and Vice Chairman Tucker voted to approve the Georgetown Waterfront rezoning which opens the way for millions of square feet of new development. Nevius and Tucker, as usual, saw no irony in all this.

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GEORGETOWN WATERFRONT DEVELOPMENT CORP.



'This has been a bad year for justice'

JACK SCHWARTZ

Dear Mr. Saxbe: For more than eight months, beginning in January of this year, we have served as jurors at the Wounded Knee Trial of Dennis Banks and Russell Means. . . We think it is important for you to know that while all of the jurors undertook their obligations very seriously while we were a jury, some of us believe that our obligations continue. . .

Four days after the Means-Banks trial ended, twelve of the jurors sat down and wrote a long letter to Attorney General Saxbe. They felt such an overwhelming obligation to act in support of the men whom they were asked to put into prison that on Nov. 12 they came to Washington to see Saxbe and to ask that the remaining hundreds of Wounded Knee cases and other anti- AIM prosecutions be ended. "In our view a government that cannot, in an eight month trial, present enough evidence against the two leaders of the Wounded Knee seige to secure a conviction on any count, should for moral and ethical reasons, drop the criminal charges against all the other Indian people and their supporters. Since the two leaders were guilty of no crime we believe that others should not be prosecuted for following them. . ."

Means and Banks were freed of all twenty federal felony counts lodged against them. They spent just a few hours in defense testimony, after the government had spent 98 days on their case. The mayor of St. Paul, where the trial was held, recently wrote the mayor of San Antonio concerning the jurors' group in which he said: "Federal Judge Fred Nichol dismissed all the charges against both defendants because of what he called acts of misconduct and deception by agencies of the federal government. . ."

Judge Nichol had other things to say: "This has been a bad year for justice. We thought the new President would bring about changes, but this has been pretty badly blotted. . . I'm rather ashamed that the government was not better represented. . . It's hard for me to believe that the FBI, which I have revered for so long, has stooped so low. . . Although the evidence seems to indicate otherwise, I'm not going so far as to say that the FBI has this rape charge [against a key prosecution witness] quashed. . . We don't want the military running civil affairs in this country. " And so forth.

This was from a judge who was a former leader of the American Legion. But that was before the FBI, the Justice Department, the US Attorney and the Army were caught buying witnesses, breaking laws, falsifying evidence, bugging defense lawyers, committing and suborning witnesses, intimidating defense witnesses and, in the case of the BIA police, assassinating a co-defendant.

Why did the government have to go to such lengths to put members of the American Indian Movement into prison?

Is it the coal under the Cheyenne reservation, the fishing areas on the Payallup land, the minderals in the Sioux's Black Hills, which the politicians want to hand over to Peabody, Kennecott, and other corporations? Is it because AIM stands for treaties signed under the Constitution, such as the Ft. Laramie Treaty of 1868 that gave parts of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Montana and Wyoming to the Sioux Nation forever? Is it because AIM wants Indian people to control the destinies of their economic and political life?

Of 134 Wounded Knee cases so far rammed through all-white Dakota grand juries, the trial score is 40 wins, one nolo plea bargain and four guilty verdicts, which will probably be overturned on appeal because of "prosecutorial irregularities," dirty tactics such as men formerly on the defense team being paid to join the prosecutor's staff in mid-trial, tactics often aided and abetted by other judges such as Joe Bottum in South Dakota, whose reelection depended upon the support of white ranchers who want Indian land.

There are other Indian trials underway and pending. And new indictments keep coming. And the rapes, the shootings, the firebombings and the mutilation of Indian men and women continue throughout the US. But everywhere the Indian nations are fighting back.

A woman serving five years from the Custer trials, Sarah Bad Heart Bull, is a 46-year old Oglala Sioux from the Pine Ridge Reservation. She was the mother of eight; the two eldest were murdered last year by whites. Wesley, her 20-year old, was knifed to pieces early on the morning of last January 20. The four (Indian) witnesses were totally ignored by the prosecutor. The accused was charged with the most lenient homicide charge, second degree manslaughter. Sarah was found guilty of being at a demonstration protesting the shoddy prosecution of the case in which the defendant was freed by an all-white jury. She was charged with "riot where arson was committed" after being clubbed and taken into custody by the police. Judge Bottum gave her 24 hours to dispose of her remaining kids. After her sentencing on July 29, Sarah said: "When I turn myself in tomorrow, I don't want my kids with me. . . I don't want my kids to see me cry. When I get to prison I'll cry. Jankow [the prosecutor] and Bottom [the judge] said that I would burst out crying and beg for mercy. No, No! I'm woman enough to take the sentence. And the people that were in Custer [demonstrators who were arrested], I'll take all their time. On account of my son. . . They went there to fight for justice. Right?"

Jack Schwartz is with the Lawyers Guild here and with the DC Wounded Knee Defense Committee. The committee needs help. They can be reached through the Guild office: 783-1060.

The DC Repertory Theatre

IN the last issue, Beau Ball reported the complex network of conflicts of interest that underlies the Board of Zoning Adjustment. What follows is an excerpt from a transcript of a recent hearing that not only well illustrates certain BZA members' insensitivity to the conflicts between their business and public capacities, but documents a specific and serious conflict involved in a pending controversial case. Further, the transcript reveals that Chairman Samuel Scrivener stated that he had discussed the conflict question with board member William Harps. Harps was not present to hear Scrivener's comment. When he arrives later, he claims to have been unaware of the issue until it was raised that morning. As a leading real estate appraiser, a member of the firm of the politically powerful Flaxie Pinkett and a member of the judicial review committee, Harps already has his share of conflicts with his BZA post. But since the last issue, we learn from the Board of Trade that he has been named to that organization's board of directors.

FROM THE rehearing of application of Florence Crittenton Home for Special Exception to establish a private school run by St. Patrick's Episcopal Church for pre-school and elementary school children in the R1B zone of 4759 Reservoir Rd. NW. Held October 25. Our emphasis added:

CHAIRMAN SAMUEL SCRIVENER: I have been asked by Mr. B. Michael Rauh, attorney for the parties to the case, to remove myself from all consideration of this matter as a result of conflicting interests. I telephoned Mr. Rauh to inquire what the conflicting interests were. He stated that it was because of my business association with Mr. Thornton W. Owen. Mr. Owen is the President, Chairman of the Board of Perpetual Building Association of which I am a director and chairman of the executive committee. I am a lawyer practicing in Washington. I do not know exactly what relation Mr. Owen has to the St. Patrick's Episcopal Church and I'm sure he's not a member of that church or to the Florence Crittenton Home. In any event, I shall not withdraw from the case. I cannot speak to Mr. Harps although I have discussed the matter with him.

(Later that same hearing)

RAUH: Mr. Scrivener, I appreciate your candid remarks on the record, I do note however that you do not at any time during your remarks with regards to conflict of interest indicate that you had no discussions with Mr. Thornton Owens regarding this particular application, this particular piece of property.

SCRIVENER: I will be very glad to amend, amplify my remarks.

RAUH: I'd also like to point out for the record that Mr. Thornton Owens is President of Perpetual Building Association of which you and Mr. Harps both are members of the board of directors. I believe you, personally, sir, also are counsel to that organization as well as member of the executive committee.

Mr. Owens has had a close, intimate relationship with the applicant, that is, Florence Crittenton Home, in this case for many years. His wife has served as president of the board of directors and Mr. Owens himself in a conversation with my client has referred to himself as father confessor for the Florence Crittenton Home Board of Directors. I would also, at the appropriate time within the two week period allowed, produce and enter into the record a deed of trust recorded on February 25, 1958, a very [sic] loan from Perpetual Building Association to Florence Crittenton Home, the amount \$150,000, of which you, Mr. Scrivener, served as a trustee

CHAIRMAN: . . . It is a fact I believe, and I certainly take your word for it that Mr. Junior F. Cohen and I were named as trustees under the deed of trust securing a loan made by Perpetual Building Association. Until this moment I was in fact, and frankly, quite unaware that such a loan had been made. Mr. Cohen and I are trustees under, I think, it's about 29-to 30,000 deeds of trust securing loans which have been made by Perpetual Building Association in this area and I hadn't the foggiest idea who they all are.

With respect to Mr. Owens' possible discussion with me with respect to this case, you may recall that this case was undecided for some time. Mr. Owens used to say "When are you all," speaking to Mr. Harps, "ever going to make a decision on the Florence Crittenton, St. Patrick's case?" And we would, I suppose you might say, give him some sort of an evasive answer, which was appropriate. We never discussed the case. I have never discussed the merits of the case with Mr. Owens. I have responded to his questions as to when we were going to decide the case but telling him only what I could tell him was when we got around to it. I don't think that there's any other thing that I could possibly say. I think that the Florence Crittenton Home used to have an annual dance or something like that. We probably got an invitation to it. I never went. I've never been to one and I have no interest in the Florence Crittenton Home. I am an Episcopalian. I am not a member of St. Patrick's Episcopal Church and I don't have any interest in the whole matter and I'm not going to withdraw.

RAUH: . . . I think also missing amongst your statement is whether or not you were aware of Mr. Thornton Owens' interest in this case and his relationship to the particular applicant in this case. . . .

LILLA BURT CUMMINGS: Mr. Scrivener, I'd like to submit for the record in regard to Mr. Rauh's question whether Mr. Owens, whether you were aware of Mr. Owens' interest in the case an incident that occurred following the luncheon in which the members of the board dined together and you asked several of us as we were walking back to the resumption of the hearing in the afternoon session, whether or not you didn't think that we could tell Mr. Owens, rather you could tell Mr. Owens, who was imminently about to attend a dinner or a fund raising affair that in fact the board was going to go ahead and grant because we had not heard from the Board of Education and we felt that Rosenfelt's [sic] letter was satisfactory for our purposes. My answer to you at the time was I'm not the least bit interested in Owens' problems for fund raising and I think that that would be in irregularity. . . .

CHAIRMAN: I deeply appreciate your efforts to restore any recollection. I don't recall the — either the remark by me or your stunningly appropriate answer. Obviously, if Mr. Owens asked me some questions about the case, he was interested. I suppose I had sort of a background knowledge that Mr. Owens was interested in the Florence Crittenton Home, certainly not St. Patrick's School. And specifically, what it was I don't know. I don't know whether he was on the board or the chairman of the board or what. I don't feel that I have any interests in the matter because I happen to know Mr. Owens. I shall not withdraw.

(Still later BZA member William Harps arrives, unaware of Scrivener's comments that he had discussed the matter with Harps)

HARPS: . . . at this point I would like the floor to ask Mr. Rauh what does he mean by a letter dated October 9 that we request — that Mr. Harps and Mr. Scrivener remove yourself from all considerations of this matter as a result of conflicting interests. What conflicting interests do you have in mind, sir?

VOICE: Mr. Harps, we went through this at some length earlier this morning.

HARPS: We'll go through it again now.

VOICE: Yes, sir. I believe, Mr. Harps, that you are a member of the board of directors at Perpetual Building Association.

HARPS: That's true.

VOICE: Mr. Thornton W. Owens who is president of Perpetual Building Association had a close and intimate relationship with the applicant, Florence Crittenton, in this particular case, for many years.

HARPS: My first knowledge of it. Go right ahead. [cf Scrivener's first remarks]

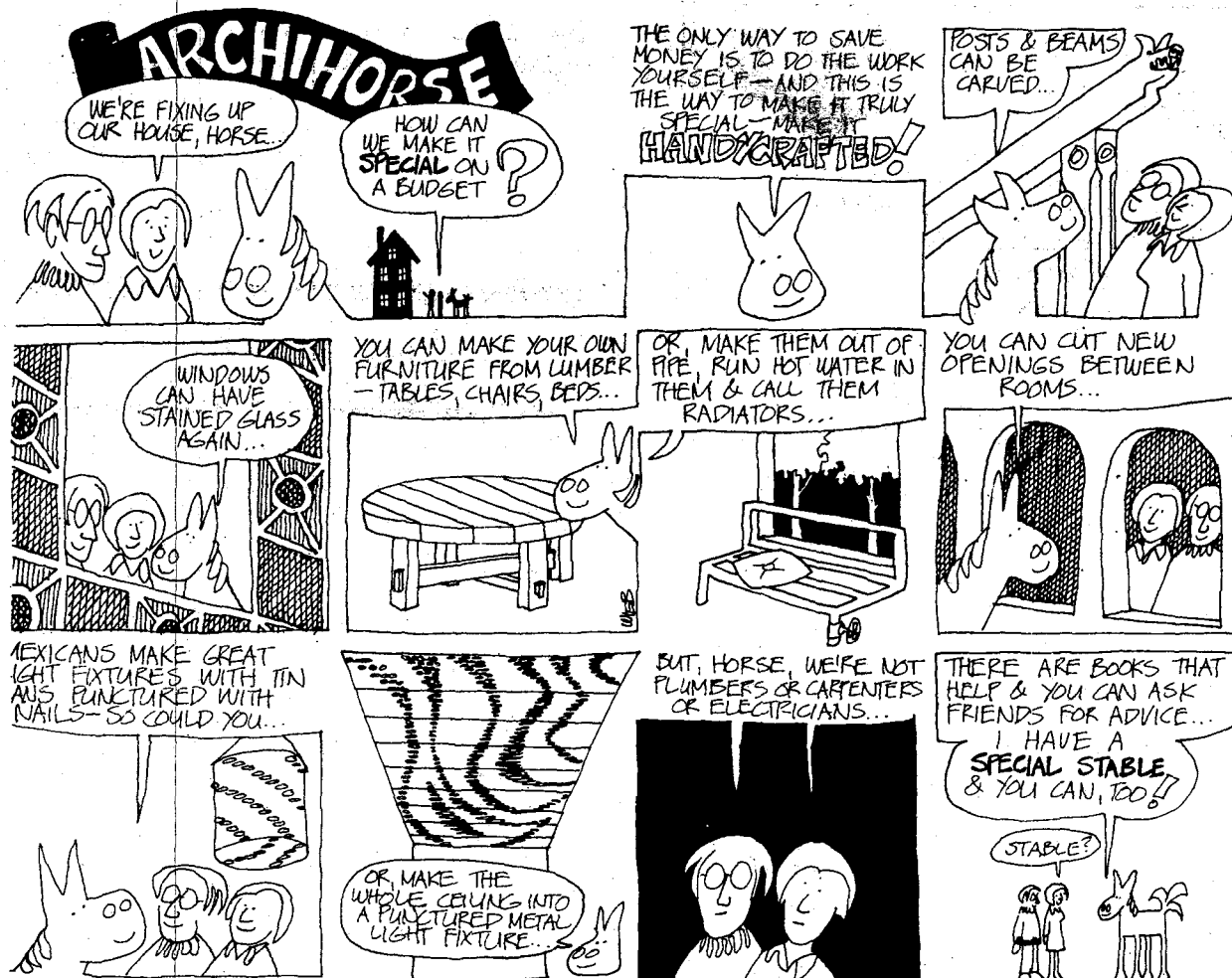
VOICE: Mrs. Owens served as President of Florence Crittenton.

HARPS: My first knowledge of it. Go right ahead.

VOICE: Mr. Owens himself has stated to our client he is sort of a father confessor to the Florence Crittenton Board of Directors to whom many questions of financial and policy have been submitted by the leadership of Florence Crittenton Home for many years. In 1958, to be precise, February 25 of that year, a loan was made by Perpetual Building Association to Florence Crittenton Home in the amount of \$150,000. Mr. Scrivener was a trustee on that deed of trust. Mr. Scrivener has stated for the record earlier, and I believe I can do his statement justice, that on prior occasions Mr. Owen did inquire of him, and I thought he mentioned of you also, during board meetings what was the status of this case and when was it going to be decided. And I believe that we have set into the record the basis upon which we asked for this disqualification. We have made a formal motion today for such disqualification. Mr. Scrivener has denied that motion and said that he will participate. We remake the same motion and ask that you make any statement on the record that you wish. . . .

HARPS: Did you get the information that the matters Mr. Rauh mentioned with regard to Mr. Owens' participation in various things where I said that this was my first knowledge of it this morning when you mentioned it to him, you got that? Okay, first of all, I would like to say I've been on this board for quite some time. I think I've heard about 5800 cases many of which I knew far more about than I know about this case from a point of view of whether there might or might not be some conflict of interest. I serve on this board in a manner that, in my opinion, is to the best interests of the community. It does not pay me enough to have any interests in favor of anybody at any time.

I have had personal friends including people who are in my own office against whom I voted because I did not feel that what they were asking for was in the best interests of the people in the District of Columbia. Then if I feel in this particular case when it is finally finished that what is being requested is not in the best interests of all of the people of the District of Columbia, I shall vote against it. If I feel that it is in the best interests I will vote for it. It has nothing to do with personalities or my knowledge of people. I've been around this town for 39 years. I know a lot of people. A lot of people know me. If I were to consider that because I know someone or my knowledge of them was such that I might be favorably disposed towards them, then I would disqualify myself. In this case, as in many others, I divorce myself completely from subjective feels and attempt to be as objective as possible. . . . I will not disqualify myself.



FCC and DC's new university

THE White House has approved a bill establishing a District of Columbia University, provided the new City Council gives its approval within six months.

The university might better be called Diggs-Pinkett U. Higher ed board chair Flaxie Pinkett and District Committee boss Charles Diggs were major advocates of the combined system.

There was strong local criticism of the proposal to put the city's three institutions of public higher education under the same roof. The criticism mounted after revelation of a letter to the House District Committee from Pinkett and Washington Technical Institute head Cleveland Denard that said that vocational courses would be at the core of the curriculum of the new university. Significantly, Denard is considered a front-runner to become chancellor of the new university.

Ironically, the move came at a time when Federal City College was just settling down with a new president and hard-won accreditation from the Middle Atlantic States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The association called FCC "a first class quality operation in a second-class context," a context that is not likely to be improved by its subordination to Washington Tech.

Federal City College president Wendell Russell unsuccessfully suggested a wiser approach: combine FCC

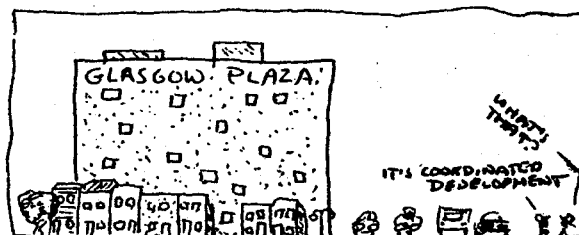
THE POLICE are getting ready to crack down on bike riders who run red lights and break other traffic regulations.

and D.C. Teachers College adding whatever programs "a nature appropriate for a university" but keeping WTI as a separate school.

As one FCC source quoted in the Star-News put it, the move to subordinate FCC reflects a "feeling by some people on the Hill that FCC is not an appropriate way to educate black people, that vocational education is appropriate," adding that "when you say vocational teaching is the central core of a school you have destroyed something very essential to higher education: inquiry."

Now is none too soon to write your new council members demanding hearings on the university plan and insisting that any university here be just that.

LAND GRAB CONTINUED



The area is bounded by 13th Street, G Street, 15th Street and Ives Place and is centered on the intersection of Pennsylvania and Potomac Avenues.

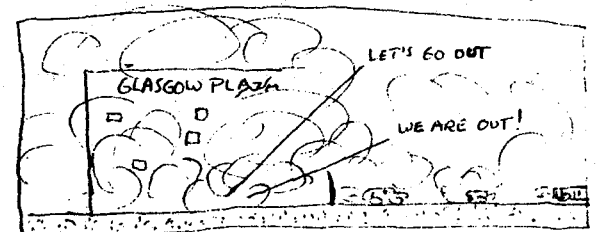
This is the location of a proposed commercial-residential structure that is planned by Graham Associates which is the source of considerable controversy in the Capitol Hill community.

An earlier proposal for a 90' high rise at the site was rejected by the zoning commission, but Graham Associates is back with a plan that, while coming under similarly dense zoning, would be modified by covenant with surrounding land owners to permit only a 65' building at the site. That's according to the developers. There is considerable question of whether such covenants are enforceable.

Although opponents of the building thought they had won a victory with the rejection of the original plans the zoning commission called for a study of the area by the city's Office of Planning and Management. That study indicates a clear intention to move towards a 90' height in a considerably larger area than the Graham building would occupy.

Thus OPM has confirmed the worst fears of neighborhood critics of the Graham building — that the structure would be just the opening wedge for more highrise construction around the Potomac Avenue Metro stop and beyond.

Because the Graham building would be built with black investment participation, it has attracted strong support among local black leaders, who in turn have received backing from the District Building. On the other hand, whites ranging from the liberal Capitol Hill Action Group to the Capitol Hill Restoration Society have combined to oppose the plans on the grounds that it would represent an undesirable highrise intrusion into Capitol Hill, which has been fighting off such density for many years. The city might have sought a compromise between the two factions, such as permitting the Graham building in



BOOKS BY GAZETTE WRITERS

SAM SMITH
CAPTIVE CAPITAL: COLONIAL LIFE IN MODERN WASHINGTON. Indiana University Press. 1974.

RICHARD KING
THE PARTY OF EROS. Dell paperback. 1973.

JAMES RIDGEWAY
THE LAST PLAY: THE STRUGGLE TO MONOPOLIZE THE WORLD'S ENERGY RESOURCES. Dutton. 1973. \$10.

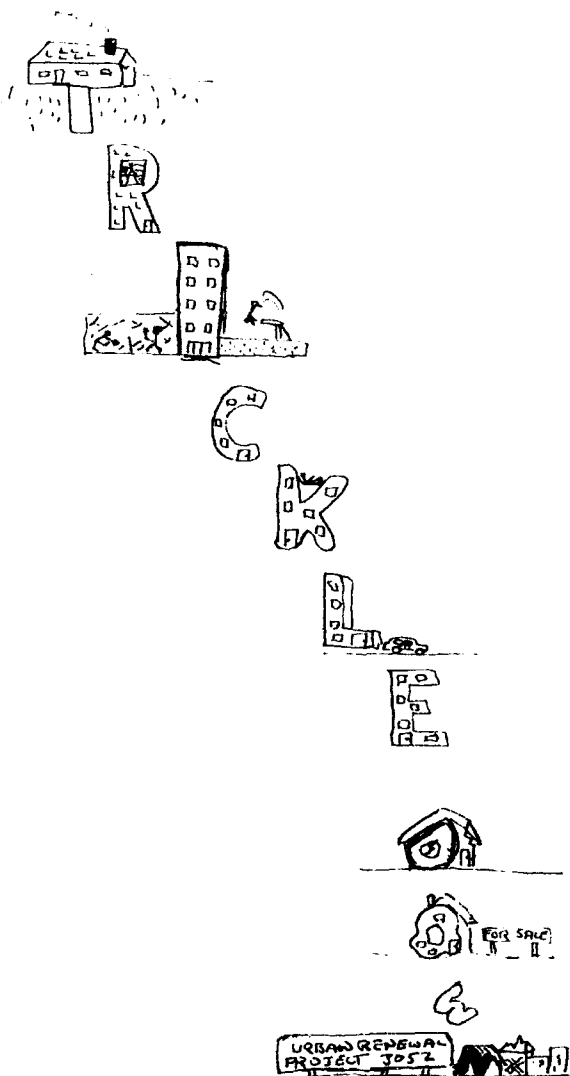
JOEL SIEGEL
VAL LEWTON: THE REALITY OF TERROR. Viking Press 1973. \$6.95 hardback. \$2.75 paperback. Available at Discount Books and Brentano's.

ARMANDO RENDON
CHICANO MANIFESTO: THE HISTORY AND ASPIRATIONS OF THE SECOND LARGEST MINORITY IN AMERICA. MacMillan 1971. \$7.95 hardback. \$1.95 paperback.

PATRICIA GRIFFITH
THE FUTURE IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE. Simon Schuster. 1970.

CHUCK STONE
TELL IT LIKE IT IS. Trident 1968
BLACK POLITICAL POWER IN AMERICA. Bobbs-Merrill 1968, hardback. Dell 1969, paperback.
KING STRUT. Bobbs-Merrill 1970.

return for heavy downzoning of the rest of Capitol Hill strips vulnerable to highrises, but the city was clearly anxious to use the black capitalism lever to gain entry onto the Hill. In the end, the interests of both blacks and whites have been ill-served and the District Building has once again served as the catalyst for community conflict.

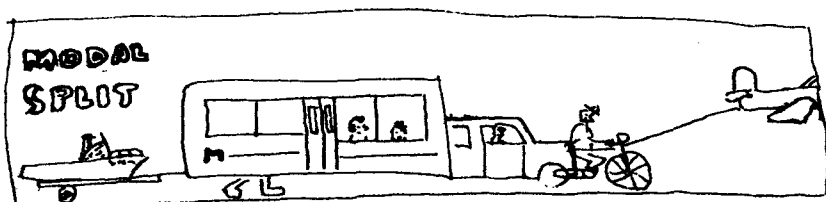


STREETS FOR THE PEOPLE

Despite a law suit filed by the Ecology Center, downtown small businessmen and the DC Statehood Party, the city's \$35 million Streets for the People plan has gotten underway downtown. The center city mall idea sounds great until you consider the price tag — it costs \$35 million to let people walk across a street? — and other factors such as the lack of an environmental impact statement, the bad effect still more construction work will have on hard-pressed small businesses, the ill-placed priority in the use of funds, the lack of public sanitation facilities and adequate areas for street vending and the grim emphasis on large empty spaces and cosmetic changes. Further, as Dave Paris points out in his article on the Pennsylvania Avenue plan elsewhere this issue, the mall project will throw traffic onto E St., helping to build pressure for an E Street freeway.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

Read the whole grim story elsewhere this issue.



ROSSLYN A BAD DEAL?

A fascinating and revealing report on the effects of developing Rosslyn and Crystal City raises serious doubts as to the economic wisdom of the two projects.

According to the report, completed last spring by a consulting firm, the development of Rosslyn has created an annual net revenue increase to Arlington County of only \$600,000. The figure for Crystal City is \$2.8 million a year.

Bradley Byers of the Urban Growth Letter (854 National Press Building) points out that if you add on the amortization of capital outlays required by the two developments the net annual benefit of both projects is reduced to \$2.7 million. Further, when you add on indirect costs such as a fair share of Metro, the figure comes down to only \$1.9 million a year or roughly \$11 per resident of Arlington and about 2% of the County's annual budget. In addition, the consultant report fails to take adequate account of the environmental and social costs of the development or of the costs of traffic congestion.

Thus, two developments that dramatically changed, mostly for the worse, the landscape, density and lifestyle of Arlington County made only a minor impact, at best, on its fiscal health. Et tu West End, Georgetown waterfront and Pennsylvania Avenue?

THE VISITORS' CENTER

The federal government has come up with money to continue construction of one of Washington's most unnecessary complexes — the National Visitors Center. The project was halted for awhile as escalating costs caused congressmen to reflect briefly on the worth of the center.

But there's more trouble ahead for the center. Environmental and other groups are talking about a law suit.

The center was, from the start, a bad idea. One of the severest critics is Anton Wood, who was Statehood Party candidate for delegate in the recent election. Wood grew up a few blocks from Union Station. He's been pointing out that the center would increase traffic volume in an already congested area. It would place air and noise pollution levels beyond tolerance standards — an extremely important consideration since three schools are located near the station with the potential of subject-

ing children there to greatly increased lead poisoning. Finally, it would, if completed in the next few years, put still more strain on sewage facilities that are already overloaded.

CHILD CARE CONTINUED

of "the best interests of the child" namely holding back from adoption, and hoping the "right" family comes along. By that time what was an adoptable infant has become "a child with special needs."

As if this were not enough, child advocate groups report instances of DHR attempting to remove black children, and in one instance a retarded black child, from a white foster home so that permanent ties would not be established.

There then is the matter of just who is an adoptable child. Child advocates have long argued that an adoptable child is one for whom there is a qualified willing adoptive parent. To be sure in the case of severely retarded or emotionally disturbed children there may be a need for long-term outside support. The benefits both from a human and a cost-accounting standpoint favor such an approach, but DHR has refused to recognize adoption as the route of choice.

Until the report, DHR had shown no interest in recruiting black families as has been done in Chicago, New York State and Los Angeles (L.A. is so successful that it has brought in infants from other parts of the country who could not have been placed in their home areas.)

A great new tool the report does endorse is subsidized adoption. Since many who wish to make use of subsidized adoptions are already foster parents there is a distinct possibility of a savings here. Adoptions, being permanent, do not require government supervision. Last January a subsidized adoption law passed Congress but no implementing regulations have been put into effect. This has been largely because DHR took nearly one year to draft a set of regulations. When completed they drew fire for including a means test for adoption which ignored the needs of the child in favor of looking solely at the liquid assets of the parents. While DHR has agreed to revise the standard, it took a great deal of pressure from the city council to get that far. DHR still continues to debate the council's authority in the area, though the advent of home rule will soon eliminate that contention.

DHR by its own admission has not made the names and case histories of children who have been relinquished (often at birth) available to private child placement agencies. Those wishing to adopt have often been told by DHR that no children are available in the city for adoption. In reality what this has meant is that there are no children that the Department considers adoptable in DC.

What is most sadly lacking in general and in the report as well is any analysis of the number of children within the system, how they got

While this article was being written, the Post wrote an editorial that marked a reversal of its previously more enlightened position. The closing of Junior Village came about in large part thanks to former Post writer Aaron Latham and a series of thoughtful editorials.

Now the Post has abandoned its strong stand for deinstitutionalization and now favors the building of more facilities. The Post had been an important voice for the support of families and for adoption as the policy of choice for those children without permanent families.

But in its November 14 editorial, the Post wrote that "it would be a great pity if members of the City Council, and others throughout the community who are concerned with child care problems revert to their (by now) tiresome and irrelevant and self-justifying arguments over which kind of care (foster home versus group or institutional care) is preferable for all children in all cases, and who killed Junior Village. . ."

Added was a call for new facilities and for making "institutionalization more benign and productive should it occur."

Institutionalization is destructive *per se*. The lack of permanent 24-hour contact between a child and parent can not be made up with cinder block, euphemisms and self delusions. Institutions should be the last resort, if used at all, not a basic strategy. — C.B.

there and what can be done for them. There are no statistics in the report or elsewhere on the number or kind of placements that have been done. In fact, a check of national statistics put out by HEW indicates DC is one of the few jurisdictions in the nation that does not report adoption statistics.

FOOD

Nutrition is another area which the report fails to tackle adequately. The report makes no attempt to determine the nutritional state of the city's children. Surely the operator of DC General, numerous day care centers and health clinics can say more about hunger in DC than "While the extent of malnutrition among children in the District of Columbia is not fully known, it is suspected that many young children have iron-deficiency anemia and that older children have marginal nutritional states. It is well-known fact that the nutritional status of people is affected by their ability to procure and utilize food."

The report goes on to make the recommendation that what is needed is a "strenuous public relations effort. . .to familiarize the communi-

ty with the availability. . ." of food stamps and supplemental programs. The report also recommends the development of a comprehensive and coordinated nutrition program and "consumer education" for welfare recipients.

There is also no assessment of the nutritional impact of fast food establishments on children's health, McDonald's, Gino's etc. serve an enormous amount of food in DC. Often these are the major meal of the day for city children. Yet their nutritional composition is far from desirable.

The report fails also to make any mention of the city's school breakfast and lunch programs. A hot lunch is not provided in all DC schools. Furthermore, in a little noticed economy move, morning milk is no longer being given to children in some elementary schools. Instead of addressing itself to these issues, school health is limited to a discussion of school nurses.

LEAD

Lead poisoning, especially that from automobiles, is now recognized as a major health threat to children. The District lacks a citywide lead screening program. The District also operates Incinerator #5, which at last testing produced 32 pounds of lead per day, equivalent to 14,000 automobiles running on leaded gasoline. The school board this spring called on the city to provide for lead testing of all children 8 years of age and younger and for the closing of Number 5 as quickly as possible.

The report fails to discuss airborne lead, confining its remarks to the problem of lead based paint. There are no statistics on the extent of lead poisoning even from that source.

POST CONTINUED

tions. A lobbyist for a state government organization recently pointed out in an article how different our feeling about local and national government is today from, say, a hundred or more years ago. Then, the American governmental system was not viewed as a pyramidal structure, like the military or business, but as a series of interlocking spheres of separate influence. The federal government had certain jobs to do, the state others, and county and town government still others. The concept of federal superiority, the author argued, is a 20th century one, spurred on by the complexities and problems of the last seventy years.

As I read the article I thought how much of the struggle in America over the past fifteen years has been one to get out from under the pyramid. The counter-culture, the George Wallace phenomenon, the bussing controversy, the growth of anti-federal radicalism and of decentralized socialism involve common distrust of a powerful federal government. I, like most Post reporters, was raised to believe in the federal government. Slowly, I learned to be wary not only of fed-

eral government but of those local governments, which, though greatly weakened in power, sought solace in a hierarchical approach to local problems in imitation of the federal government they served. My suspicion, reinforced by endless columns of type, is that the Post and the Star very much believe in hierarchical government. That their reporters seek to "rise" to become journalistic observers of the pinnacle of the pyramid is not surprising, but it does mean coincidentally that their ambition inevitably serves the cause of hierarchical rule, creating in a reflection of their own career desires a popular definition of what is important and what isn't.

Powerful federal government and powerful leaders like Nixon or Kissinger have become essential to the psychic health of Washington reporters just as superstars must be created for the benefit of critics. Without them, reporters and critics become ordinary and powerless themselves. But make a myth and the scribe rises in social status and power with the myth he or she helped to build. Many reporters in Washington tend to be anti-democratic and inclined towards benign federal authoritarianism and I suspect that this inclination is due in part to a subconscious realization that in a non-authoritarian capital, Washington correspondents would sink in social prestige and power. Much of the work of Washington correspondents consists of creating people important enough to make correspondents feel important when they interview them or get invited to dinner by them. Of course, too many myths at the top crowds things and so certain correspondents specialize in making more space for the myths of the future by destroying the old ones. Once a downward trend is observed, the rest of the press leaps into line for the drumming-out ceremony, motivated in no small part by a feeling of vengeance for having had one's sense of self-importance betrayed. I would guess that at least some of the energy displayed by the press in the Watergate affair stemmed from sheer anger that the New Nixon had refused to stay in place after being mounted on the press corps' pedestal. In a way the commentaries on Watergate read more like a divorce proceeding than reportage.

Contrary to popular opinion, covering national Washington is one of the duller beats around. Only the proximity of superstars and superpower, real or manufactured, relieves the tedium. The newsmakers, far more sophisticated about journalism than most correspondents, keep their potential tormentors at bay much of the time through use of such time-consuming irrelevancies as ego-stroking luncheons, deep backgrounders and news conferences. Sometimes I imagine that all congressional and administration flacks gather weekly at Hogates to plot the upcoming news conference schedule like military planners creating diversions to put the enemy off the track. It works — for as many farmers know, a herd of cattle is easier to drive than one stray steer. And when the word of a news conference goes out on the city wire, the herd turns its collective head and ambles on over to "cover" the news. Perhaps the worst beat of all is the White House,

which is a little like being assigned to cover a long-run Broadway play. Every night. Yes, there is drama and action — but a script as well. The real excitement comes when someone forgets their lines.

Covering the city is different. Local politicians, try as they might to imitate their plastic colleagues in the federal government, remain real people. Further, local reporters, distrusted by the public, disliked by city officials and ignored by their bosses, cannot develop much arrogance or even much ease. There are few ritualistic stories and a reporter who relies upon them is not likely to last long (or 'make it' to the national desk.) Besides, there is behind every local story live human beings. There is the unavoidable feel of people doing things, wanting things, losing things, hiding things. The people are, of course, lurking behind national affairs, too, but on the local beat you don't have to send out Haynes Johnson on quarterly forays to get bullet quotes from them. They are all around.

The Post tries to deal with this problem (which is how it sees it) by reducing the city to the national denominator, squeezing the life out of the place and creating in its stead another set upon which the dreary drama of Issues, Goals, Budgets, Progress and Decay can be played. The Star-News has many failings but at least it can still feel the city; its local stories are not only often fairer than those of the Post but more evocative of DC as well.

The Post's bloodless approach to the city was typified by its election coverage. Even if it had given absolutely even space to each candidate, it would have failed to provide good coverage because it chose to run away from the politics of the city by treating them in the most boring possible manner. How a Post editorialist can complain of voter apathy is beyond me — there are few voters as languid as the Post itself, with at-large races written with all the excitement of a League of Women Voters' Guide and accounts of the ward races reading like entries in the World Book Encyclopedia. If the voter has found anything to get excited about over the past few months, it is not thanks to the Post.

Intentional or not (and the Post's long and deep commitment to Walter Washington suggests the former) the blanding of the campaign lent aid and comfort to the incumbent and the powerful. By refusing to give space (or better, to compensate for the advantage of those in power by giving special attention to their critics), the Post kept everything nice and quiet, letting the natural economic, political and social forces go unchallenged and letting critics go unheard.

Nationally, the press has granted a number of exemptions to its Standard of Objectivity. One institution exempted is capitalism; another is the two-party system. Capitalism is objectively a good thing. So is the two party system — with the exception of one-party locales such as Washington. Here, we find the Post pumping up a one-party system (or as Anton Wood put it during the campaign, a two-Wally system). So it was naturally more interested in the Democratic primary than in the general election and so it not surprisingly slipped and called the mayor "Mayor-elect" immediately following September 10. The Post justifies its interests by saying things like Downie's explanation of the treatment of independents: "We are a newspaper and must make news judgments based on what voters and candidates themselves say in the city about which candidates are the front-runners in their races."

Thus, because Walter Washington was the likely winner, the mayor's race was not worth discussing; criticism of Sterling Tucker was irrelevant, and so forth. Not only does this approach offer some journalistic pitfalls (if the Post had been in New York, would it have ignored Ramsey Clark?) it also really reduces politics to votes and money. The possibility that an unlikely winner might be saying something newsworthy or vitally important about the city is not to be considered. What is even more curious is that in making the judgment as to who is a serious candidate, a major consideration is money. For example, I would estimate that for approximately \$85,000 more in campaign receipts, Sam Harris could have bought his way into the local news pages of the Post. As it was, he was unable to come up with the ante and had to run an uncovered campaign. Even while speaking of the evil effects of money in politics, papers like the Post clearly make news judgments in favor of those with the most money. It raises the possibility that in this city, at least, we might have had a more decent and fair campaign if campaign receipts and expenditures had been kept a secret until after the election. The Post might then have felt more inclined to report that it was delegate candidate Anton Wood and not James Banks (as the Post implied) who was the major local opponent of Fauntroy's urban development corporation. But Banks had more money and so therefore his mild criticisms of the UDC got play while Wood's deeper critique and extensive lobbying on the Hill was ignored.

Given the generally better local coverage of the Star-News, it is unfortunate to find, for example, that only 17% of the Gazette readers in our poll this year said they read Washington's second daily, while 78% read the Post. In these inflationary times, it is hard to justify reading two daily newspapers. That ultimately may be the unsurmountable hurdle for the Star-News. Overall, the Post is the better newspaper. Still, if you can afford it and are not reading the Star-News out of some outworn idea that it's a reactionary, dull paper, you should subscribe. Not only is its DC coverage superior, but its Portfolio section is as good

as Style and Mary McGroory and Tom Dowling are every bit as fun and perceptive as Nicholas Von Hoffman.

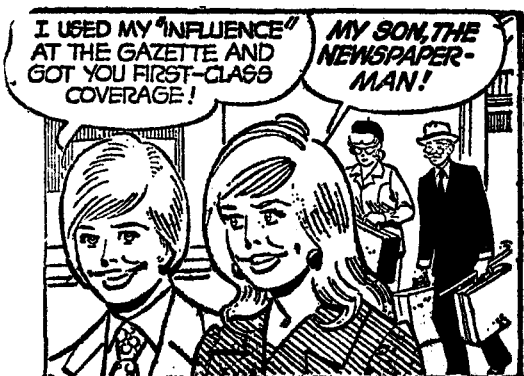
Having fun is not one of the strongest characteristics of the Washington Post, especially over on the city side where the 15th Street press, attempting to lend some worth to its days in the wilderness before the promised land of national journalism, tends to display emotions that range from serious to ponderous with frequent stopovers at pompous. The Post is most serious about local matters on its editorial pages where it offers soaring tributes to the esthetics of Downtown Progress's latest plan to milk the city, praises the sagacity of some local political buffon or elevates the ex-police chief to David Broder's space on Thursdays.



But it's not just the style that makes a difference. There is the grim record that the Post must face; a record of having supported explicitly in its editorial pages and implicitly in its news columns many of the worst mistakes this city has endured over the past thirty years. As a local power, the Post has not only been conservative, it has been dangerously reactionary, serving the economic interests of the most greedy of the powerful. Urban renewal, freeways, convention centers, plans, the multi-billion dollar subway fiasco, all owe a deep debt to the long loyalty of the Washington Post. The Post has not been an innocent observer of the destruction of the city by the powerful. Joined by the Star-News, it has been a full partner. From participation in Downtown Progress to a lengthy infatuation with freeways, the local dailies have been over and over again major opponents of the interests of the greater number of DC's residents.

In the case of the Post, the motivations for this record is varied. It has not been all economic self-interest, although it is important to remember that to the city, the Post is Big Business first and journalism second. There have been other factors: the endless attraction to the liberal mind of benign, intellectually-bedizened authoritarianism; a distrust of imperfect order; a faith in an elite as the source of wisdom and ideas; and a failing for the sparkling, expensive plan that for once and for all can free the city from the tyranny of doubt and despair and the troublesome disruptions of democracy at work.

The pattern is broken occasionally. By Bill Raspberry, one of the few reporters who treats ideas as



news and as matters to be questioned on the basis of their substance rather than their source. By the lamentedly departed Kirk Scharfenberg, an excellent local reporter who, significantly, turned his back on the national mirage to cover local news for the Berkshire Eagle. By some of the present local staff.

But that's down on the assembly line. Out of the color-coded, sound-resistant newsroom of the Post are the cubicles from which will come the policy that will determine how many Washingtonians will view their new city government. There will be

736,000 stories out there, as they used to say, but not at the Post. I read recently of a theologian who spoke of the need to have a place from which to view the world. To the Post, DC does not appear to be so much of place from which it views the nation and the world, but rather another semi-abstract problem for the liberal mind to solve. Because the Post insists on living in a mythical city of its own creation, an Ozland of Streets for the People, development corporations, action plans, urban renewal projects and limitless faith

in any public official earning more than \$20,000 a year - because the Post refuses to perceive or relate the true complexities, joys and pains of making a city work, it can not call DC its home. Its vision is as rootless as that of the federal machine upon which it lavishes so much effort. It will remain, like so many institutions with which we have had to contend over the years sometimes benign, sometimes indifferent, sometimes cruel and exploitive, but always on the outside, looking in. Another powerful stranger in our midst.

THE GAZETTE MATTERS. . .

- THE LEADING JOURNALISTIC OPPONENT OF FREEWAYS IN DC
- THE JOURNALISTIC LEADER OF THE FIGHT AGAINST OVERDEVELOPMENT, THE REMOVAL OF SMALL BUSINESSES, AND MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR GIVEAWAYS TO THE BOARD OF TRADE AND DOWNTOWN PROGRESS SUCH AS STREETS FOR THE PEOPLE, THE PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE PLAN AND THE DOWNTOWN URBAN RENEWAL PROGRAM.
- THE PAPER THAT PUBLISHED THE FIRST ARTICLE PROPOSING STATEHOOD FOR THE DISTRICT AND A LEADER IN THE FIGHT FOR STATEHOOD.
- THE PAPER THAT EXPOSED THE PLANNING AND FINANCIAL DISASTER OF THE EISENHOWER CONVENTION CENTER, AN EXPOSE THAT HELPED TO KILL THE CONVENTION CENTER.
- THE PAPER THAT FIRST EXPOSED THE NATIONAL VISITORS CENTER BOONDOGGLE.
- THE FIRST MEDIUM TO PROPOSE BIKEWAYS FOR DC.
- THE 1ST MEDIUM TO REVEAL INEQUITIES IN THE CITY'S PROPERTY TAX SYSTEM. SOME OF THESE INEQUITIES WERE LATER THE TARGET OF SUCCESSFUL LAW SUITS AGAINST THE CITY.
- THE PAPER THAT EXPOSED THE SERIOUS CONFLICTS-OF-INTEREST AT THE BOARD OF ZONING ADJUSTMENT
- THE PAPER THAT HAS CONSISTENTLY AND THOROUGHLY REPORTED THE MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR SUBWAY FIASCO, THAT REVEALED HIDDEN SUBSIDY OF SUBURBAN RIDERS BY CITY TAXPAYERS AND THAT HAS PRESENTED AN ALTERNATIVE MASS TRANSIT SYSTEM PROPOSAL INCLUDING A RETURN OF STREETCARS, THE INTRODUCTION OF JITNIES, DOUBLED-DECKED AND ARTICULATED BUSES AND NUMEROUS OTHER POTENTIAL IMPROVEMENTS.
- THE PAPER THAT HAS BEEN THE MAJOR, AND AT TIMES ONLY, JOURNALISTIC CRITIC OF THE CURRENT ADMINISTRATION OF THE DISTRICT BUILDING.
- THE PAPER THAT RAISED SERIOUS DOUBTS ABOUT THE WISDOM OF THE FT. LINCOLN AND WEST END PROJECTS.
- THE ONLY LOCAL PAPER TO ENDORSE CLIFFORD ALEXANDER FOR MAYOR.
- THE 1ST MEDIUM TO EXPOSE THE PLANS FOR A SWEEPING URBAN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION. OUR REPORT WAS USED BY OPPONENTS OF THE UDC TO HELP KILL THE PLAN IN CONGRESS.

. . .JUST A FEW REASONS WHY THE DC GAZETTE MATTERS.

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